

The Cromwell Argus

AND NORTHERN GOLD-FIELDS GAZETTE.

No. 531, Vol. X.]

CROMWELL: TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1880.

[Price 6d.]

Cromwell Advertisements

DAVID A. JOLLY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FAMILY GROCERS

WINE, SPIRIT, AND GENERAL MERCHANTS.

We desire to intimate that in order to meet the growing exigencies of our business, we have lately built substantial stone additions to our former premises.

At the urgent request of our numerous customers, we have added to our other branches of business, that of

DRAPERY, CROCKERY, & IRONMONGERY.

We would further notify that, having engaged a Buyer in connection with our business to select special lines consigned from the Home and Melbourne markets, we will in future be in a position to offer such superior advantages to our customers as will not fail to ensure a continuance of their liberal patronage, and, more especially, will command the attention and confidence of the Trade, Retailers, and Large Buyers.

DAVID A. JOLLY & CO.

Our GROCERY STOCK comprises:

Teas, of excellent flavour, in chests, half-chests, and boxes
Coffees, from the pure bean, ground on the premises
Cocoa, Chocolate, of the best brands
Sugars: crystals of every shade, and crushed loaf
Bacon, Cheese, Butter: weekly supplies from the best dairies
Jams, Jellies, and Pickles

Candles: best brands
Soap: treble crown, blue mottled, household, scented in bars, cakes, and boxes
Vestas, by approved makers
Salt: table, fine, and coarse
Raisins: Muscatels, Sultanas, and Elemes
Oils: salad, castor, and kerosene
Sauces: Lea and Perrins, Mushroom, Nabob, and assorted

TOBACCOS.

Imperial, Aromatic, cable-twist—superior
Cameron's celebrated brands—Havelock, Golden Bar, Venus tens
Barrett's Twist, in quarter-tierces and boxes.

Water Lily, Over the Water, navy sixes
Cut Tobaccos, in pound, half-pound, and quarter-pound tins, and in bulk.

WINES AND SPIRITS.

Brandies: Hennessy's, Associated Vineyard, Martell's, in bulk and case
Whiskies: Old Glenury, Islay, Longjohn's, in bulk and case
Rum: Lemon Hart's
Port: Fine old Offley's, six grape
Sherry: Gonzalez, six diamond
Gin: J.D.E.Z. Geneva, Nectar, and Kummell
Old Tom: Burnett's, Bernard's
Claret: St. Julien's

Moselle: No. 2
Hock: Gold Leaf
Ginger Wine, in bulk and case
Ales: Tennent's, Younger's, and Colonial.
Porter: Blood's, Byass's, Guinness's, and Colonial
Cordials: assorted
Sarsaparilla: Singleton's, Townsend's
Bitters: Selner's, Stoughton's

IRONMONGERY STOCK consists of

Blasting powder and fuse
Gunpowder, caps, and shot
Long and short handled shovels
Spades, sluice forks
Picks and pickhandles
Gold dishes, hose-pipes
Drills and drilling hammers
Manilla and flax ropes
White lead, castor, boiled, and colza oils
Galvanised and corrugated iron
Stoves and piping

Billies and pannikins
Tea-kettles, iron and tin
Galvanised iron buckets and tubs
Iron boilers
Enamelled and tinned stew and saucepans
Axes and axe-handles
Nails, cut and wrought
Tacks, cloth and American cut
Garden rakes, hoes, and spades
Cutlery, a large assortment
Carpenters' tools of every description.

CANVAS, SADDLERY, AND BRUSHWARE.

HOLT'S SEWING MACHINES: CABINET AND HAND.

DRAPERY AND CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Suits: silk-mixture, Galatea, Paget, sac
Boys' do.
Trousers and Vests: Mosgiel, silk-mixed, tweed, doeskin
Shirts: white dress, crimeans, Scotch twill, tweed
Pants and undershirts, in flannel, lamb's-wool, merino, and cotton
Hosiery and hats

Dress materials: vinceys, French merinos, all-wool plaids, prints
Flannels; Calicos, bleached and unbleached
Blankets, rugs, quilts
Table-covers, bed and toilet-covers.
Cocoa and felt matting
Hessian, bed-ticking, carpets
Top, waterproof, and tweed coats; etc., etc.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Boots: men's elastic-sides, watertights, halt-Wellingtons; Hayward and North British Gum Boot
Women's and children's Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in calf, kid, and cashmere.

N.B.—All goods in this department are marked at low prices.

CROCKERYWARE.

Breakfast, dinner, and bedroom sets complete
Lamps: parlour, hanging, bracket

China, glass, and earthenware goods of every description

FILTERS, VASES, AND LUSTRES.

FANCY GOODS.

Electro-plated Britannia-metal tea and coffee pots; meerschaum and briar pipes—a choice selection; patent medicines; stationery; perfumery.

COLONIAL PRODUCE: Wheat, Oats, Chaff, Pollard, and Potatoes.

D. A. J. & Co. have been appointed sole agents for the sale of Butel Bros.' superior silk-dressed flour, bran, and pollard; and are prepared to promptly execute all orders within a radius of sixty miles.—FLOUR GUARANTEED. TERMS LIBERAL.

W. TALBOYS'

CLEARING SALE OF GROCERY.

New Season Tea, 1878-79 (Boxes of 12lb), 23s
Cocoa (pound tins), 1s 6d
Muscatels, 1s 2d per lb
Jordan Almonds, 2s 3d per lb
Elemes, 7½d per lb
Lemon Peel, 1s 5d per lb
Two-crown Soap, 12s per box
Three-crown Soap, 14s per box
Cheese, 10d per lb
Hams, 10d per lb
Kerosene (Noonday), 12s per tin.

Fresh Herrings, 8d per tin.
Lobsters, 10½d per tin
Salmon, 10½d per tin
Sardines (half-pound tins), 11d
Sardines (quarter-pound tins), 7d
Oysters, 7d per tin
Tainish's Jams, 11d per tin
Figs, 1s per box
Preserved Fruits, 2s.
Pickles, 1s per bottle
Candles 10½d per lb

ABOVE PRICES ARE STRICTLY CASH.

Men's Elastic Sides, Lace-ups and Watertights, Colonial Made, 14s 6d.

A large stock of Ladies' and Children's Kid Boots (Copper Toes), 4s 6d.

W. TALBOYS, LONDON HOUSE, CROMWELL.

Cromwell Advertisements

I. HALLENSTEIN & CO.,

HAVE ON HAND

THE LARGEST AND BEST-SELECTED STOCK

OF ANY UP-COUNTRY STORE IN

DRAPERY, BOOTS, IRONMONGERY, CROCKERY

WINES and SPIRITS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION DEVOTED TO

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

DIRECT FROM OUR OWN FACTORY.

A LARGE STOCK OF

FURNITURE AND BUILDING MATERIALS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

AGENTS FOR

Robertson & Hallenstein's Celebrated Silk-dressed Wakatip Flour.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF BRAN, POLLARD, AND PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS ON HAND.

I. HALLENSTEIN & CO.

EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

W. TALBOYS,

Having determined to Extend his Premises,

WILL HOLD A

Great Clearing Sale!

OF HIS EXTENSIVE AND VARIED STOCK OF

DRAPERY, HOSIERY, HABERDASHERY,

CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c.,

EXTENDING OVER ONE MONTH ONLY!

CALL EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS!

Cromwell

V.  R.

N O T I C E

The following are the days appointed for holding the Resident Magistrate's and Warden's Courts for the months of January, February and March, 1880, for the Dunstan division of the Otago Goldfields Districts:—

CLYDE—Every Thursday, excepting the Teviot Court week.

CROMWELL—Every Friday.

ALEXANDRA—Monday, January 12 and 26
February 9 and 23
March 8 and 22

[The District Court Office at Alexandra will be open on the above dates for the transaction of business.]

ROXBURGH—Tuesday, January 6
February 3
March 2

OPHIR—Tuesday, January 13
February 10
March 9

JACKSON KEDDELL,
Warden and R.M.

M R A. F. BLOOD, B. A.,
Has Commenced Practice as a
SOLICITOR AND CONVEYANCER

In the District, R.M. and Warden's Courts, Cromwell.

Mr Blood is prepared to visit Alexandra, Blacks, &c., when professionally required.

OFFICE:

NEXT DOOR TO THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

HENRICH BEHRENS,
WHEELWRIGHT
AND COACH BUILDER,

MELMORE-STREET, CROMWELL

(Nearly opposite Bank of New South Wales),
Is prepared to execute all Orders entrusted to him with carefulness and despatch.

A Large Supply of Well-seasoned American and Native Timbers kept in Stock.

Repairs done in best style.

K. P R E T S C H.
CROMWELL,
COACH AND GENERAL PAINTER,
PAPERHANGER, &c.

Has always on hand a fine selection of Paper hangings, Paints, Glass, and Mouldings of every description, at low prices.

Contracts undertaken for General Painting, Paperhanging, Decoration, and Sign Writing.

E. M U R R E L L,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,

Has just received, per English Mail, another consignment of SILVER HUNTING LEVER WATCHES direct from the

Manufacturer in London. As these Watches are made to his own order, bear his name, and specially made to suit the requirements of this district, he can with confidence recommend them to the public both as regards finish and accuracy of adjustment, and as Time-keepers not to be excelled in the colony.

E.M. has made arrangements for regular supplies, and as he buys for cash he is in a position to defy competition.

A Two Years' Guarantee given with every Watch.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Note the address—

E. MURRELL,
Watch and Clock Maker,
MELMORE-STREET, CROMWELL.

**THE AUSTRALIAN LITHOFRAC-
TEUR AND DYNAMITE CO. ***
(KREBS' PATENT.)

ARTHUR BRISCOE & CO.,

Having accepted the above Company's Agency for New Zealand, direct the attention of Railway and other Contractors, Miners, and Quarrymen to the enormous advantages derived from the use of these STRONGEST EXPLOSIVES MANUFACTURED.

For Mining, Quarrying, Blasting in hard or soft rock, and for Submarine Works (Krebs' Patent being the only manufacture insoluble) it is invaluable.

The SUPERIOR STRENGTH of these COLONIAL EXPLOSIVES has been proved by experts to be 15 to 20 per cent. stronger than any imported Dynamite, while the present price renders it cheaper than blasting powder.

Price—1 case, 2s 9d per lb.
5 " 2s 6d "
10 " 2s 3d "

Delivery from magazine payable by purchaser.

ARTHUR BRISCOE & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IRONMONGERS AND
IRON MERCHANTS,
PRINCES-STREET, DUNEDIN.

Miscellaneous.

T O F A R M E R S.
M'CORMICK'S HARVESTERS FOR SALE.

Agent for Cromwell:
CHARLES COLCLOUGH.

R. AND A. J. PARK,
SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS,
SHARE AND MONEY BROKERS,
SAVINGS BANK BUILDINGS,
HIGH-STREET, DUNEDIN.

Land Office business transacted.

MONEY TO LEND AT CURRENT RATES.

J O H N S M I T H
begs to intimate to the Public that he
HAS OPENED

Those

WELL-KNOWN AND COMMODIOUS STABLES
(Late Starkey and Scally's),
And hopes, by attention and civility, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

BUGGIES & SADDLE HORSES ALWAYS ON HIRE.

HORSES BROKEN IN, &c.

P. B U T E L & C O.'S
FLOUR MILLS,
NEAR ARROWTOWN.

Supply First-class

SILK-DRESSED FLOUR, BRAN AND POLLARD.

GRISTING DONE AT CURRENT RATES.

Country orders executed with care and dispatch. An excellent sample of flour guaranteed, cannot be excelled in the Colony.

VINCENT FLOUR MILL,
OPHIR.

J. C. JONES

Begs to inform the inhabitants of the surrounding districts that, having now completed the above Flour Mill, which he has fitted up with machinery on the most improved principle, he is prepared to supply

SILK-DRESSED FLOUR
of the best quality; also, Bran and Pollard.

Gristing at Current Rates.

J. C. JONES.

WAKATIP FLOUR & OATMEAL
MILLS, LAKE HAYES.

ROBERT GILMOUR - PROPRIETOR.

The Proprietor begs to announce to the public that, owing to the increased demand for Oatmeal, he has now completed considerable improvements on his oatmeal machinery, and is prepared to supply a first-class article at a most reasonable rate.

R.G.'s Mill being under the management of a Miller of wide experience, the public can depend upon a Constant Supply of Flour of the best quality, and can offer it at as cheap a rate and upon as reasonable terms as any in the district.

ROBERT GILMOUR.

N O T I C E.

FOURPENCE each will be given by the undersigned for the SKINS of Rabbits destroyed on Mt. Pisa and Queensberry Runs upon delivery at the Home Station.

I. LOUGHNAN.

4th July, 1879.

N O T I C E.

A number of useless Curs are allowed to prowl about on Kawarau Station by their owners. This is to give them warning that POISON will be laid wherever they are most likely to get it.

JAMES COWAN.

October, 1877.

F O R S A L E.

8-h.p. horizontal Steam Engine and Boiler, with winding and pumping gear

Several Sections in Cromwell

Cottage (furnished) and Section in Melmore Terrace

Cottage and Section in Murray-street

Shop and Dwelling in Melmore-street

Cottage on Block IX.

Water-race of 12 heads (Lowburn)

Agricultural Lease Area of 200 Acres

Cromwell Coal Lease and Plant

Several Quartz-crushing Batteries

Bannockburn Water-race.

20 Acres, Freehold (fenced), adjoining Cromwell.

CHAS. COLCLOUGH,

Agent, Cromwell.

Cromwell

S W A N B R E W E R Y,
CROMWELL.

G. W. GOODGER - Proprietor.

The Proprietor is now prepared to supply his unrivalled XXXX ALES in any quantity, delivered throughout the District.

Orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Cromwell, or at the Brewery, will be promptly attended to.

G. W. GOODGER.

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND
General

BLACKSMITH & FARRIER,

Begs to intimate to Mining Companies and the public generally that he has removed to
QUARTZVILLE,

where he hopes, by strict attention to business and reasonable charges, to merit a share of the public patronage.

CROMWELL

VETERINARY SHOEING FORGE,
MELMORE STREET.

ROBERT WISHART,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH, FARRIER, MACHINIST, &c.

Every description of work in connection with Mining and Farming Tools and Machinery made and repaired on the premises.

Good Workmanship guaranteed at Reasonable Prices.

R. W. begs to intimate to the public generally that he has gone to the expense of fitting up a CAST-IRON BED FOR TIRING WHEELS, being the first introduced up-country; and in this branch he will guarantee to give every satisfaction.

Horses shod on the latest and most-approved principle.

Light shoes ... 10s.
Draught do. ... 16s.

N.B.—A large supply of Slesinger's Horse and Cattle Medicines on hand.

IMPORTANT TO WAGONERS, FARMERS, AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

NEW VETERINARY & SHOEING FORGE.

JAMES RICHARDS,

Having purchased the business as General Blacksmith and Horse-shoer in Cromwell, lately carried on by Mr R. Cayford, begs to inform the public that he is in a position to execute every class of work in a most satisfactory manner at reasonable prices.

In the Veterinary and Shoeing Department the advertiser has considerable experience, and in these branches can guarantee to suit those who favor him with their patronage.

Horses carefully and skilfully treated for all complaints.

Note the Address—

MURRAY STREET, CROMWELL,
Opposite Messrs Grant and MacKellar's offices.

SHERWOOD AND WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

WINE, SPIRIT, AND PROVISION MERCHANTS, AND GENERAL STOREKEEPERS,

MELMORE-STREET, CROMWELL.

Having completed their arrangements for the regular consignment of Goods suitable to the market, Sherwood and Wright have pleasure in intimating that they have now on hand, and constantly arriving, full supplies of

WINES, SPIRITS, PROVISIONS, AND FAMILY GROCERIES

of the very best quality obtainable, and which will be found to compare most favorably as to price with those of any establishment on the Goldfields.

The Stock comprises every class of goods in above line, so that it is unnecessary to give a detailed list.

Messrs Sherwood and Wright have made arrangements for a constant supply of

FLOUR, BRAN, POLLARD, AND GENERAL PRODUCE

of the finest quality from the Wakatipu Mills. In this line the firm can offer special value.

GOODS DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF THE DISTRICT.

FAMILIES REGULARLY WAITED UPON.

S. & W. desire specially to state that they have entered into arrangements for the regular supply to them of

DAIRY PRODUCE

from one of the finest farms on the Taieri, an advantage which they feel sure their customers will fully appreciate.

Insurance Companies.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

RISKS TAKEN ON THE MOST LIBERAL TERMS.

JAMES MARSHALL,
Melmore-Street, Cromwell.

[ESTABLISHED, 1859.]

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ... £1,000,000.

Accepts Fire Risks on every description of property, at lowest rates.

CHARLES COLCLOUGH,
Agent, Cromwell.

C O B B A N D C O.'S
LIVERY STABLES,
LAWRENCE,

Will now be under the personal supervision of Mr Craig.

HORSES & BUGGIES ALWAYS ON HIRE.

Horses Broken to Saddle and Harness.

H. CRAIG & Co.,
Proprietors.

CENTRAL REGISTRY OFFICE.

E. LYONS begs to notify the inhabitants of Cromwell and District that he has OPENED a REGISTRY OFFICE in conjunction with his Fruiterer's Business in Dunedin.

Hotelkeepers, station owners and others can rely upon obtaining suitable Servants of every description.

E. LYONS

(Late J. B. L. Luks),
COMMISSION, LAND & ESTATE AGENT,
GEORGE-STREET, DUNEDIN.

KAWARAU COAL PIT,
BANNOCKBURN.

JOHN PRYDE, Proprietor.

The Coal supplied from above Pit is recognised as the best yet vended in the district. It burns freely, and emits great heat. It is delivered at

Cromwell ... 24s per ton.
Bannockburn ... 20s do.
At Pit's mouth ... 12s do.

FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

JOHN PRYDE,

Proprietor.

WANAKA SAW-MILLS.

RUSSELL, EWING & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

The Proprietors have placed the above Mills in complete working order with the best appliances obtainable and are prepared to supply Manufactured Timber of every description; Posts, Rails, Props, Slabs, &c. &c., at the shortest possible notice, at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Orders punctually attended to and despatched with promptitude.

RUSSELL, EWING & Co.,
WANAKA SAW MILLS.

VULCAN FOUNDRY.
Great King-street, Dunedin.

KINCAID, M'QUEEN AND CO.,
Boilermakers, Engineers, Millwrights, Founders, Blacksmiths, &c.

All kinds of castings in Brass and Iron.
Steam Engines and Boilers made and repaired.
Overshot, Breast, and Turbine Waterwheels, Quartz-crushing Machinery, Pumping and Wind-jig Gear.

Cast-iron Sluice and Ripple Plates; Sheet-iron Hopper and Sluice Plates, (punched to any size of holes), Gold-dredging Spoons, etc.

Flour-mill Machinery.

All kinds of Reaping, Threshing, Horse-power Machines made and repaired.

Improved Reaping Machines.

K., M'Q. and Co.'s improved Wrought-Iron Piping for Fluming and Hydraulic Mining is the best in use, and cheaper than canvas.

Hotels.

KIRTLBURN HOTEL,
ROARING MEG.

T. GORMAN ... Proprietor.

The travelling public will find every comfort and accommodation at this hostelry.
Wines, Beer, and Spirits of best brands.

**JOHN MARS H,
BRIDGE HOTEL,
CROMWELL.****VALUE FOR MONEY.****VICTORIA BRIDGE
HOTEL.**

J. M'CORMICK ... Proprietor.

The above well-known Hotel (late Edwards') has undergone a thorough renovation at the hands of the present proprietor, and is now second to no horse on the main road from Cromwell to Queenstown.

Travellers may rest assured that they will receive every attention at the above Hotel.

The excellent range of **STONE STABLES** is under the charge of an experienced Groom. Horses will therefore receive every attention.

BANNOCKBURN HOTEL & STORE,
DOCTOR'S FLAT, BANNOCKBURN,
(On the Main Road to the Nevis).

GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, and HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES of all descriptions kept in Stock

The Goods, being obtained **DIRECT** from Dunedin, are retained at the **LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.**

N.B.—Good Stabling, Horse Feed, &c.

JOHN RICHARDS, PROPRIETOR.

**VICTORIA HOTEL,
CROMWELL.**

JAMES STUART,

(Late of the Ferry Hotel, Bannockburn.) Begs to intimate to his friends and the public that he has purchased the above Hotel, where he hopes, by strict attention to business, and by keeping the best Wines and Spirits, to merit a share of public patronage.

A first-class table kept, and superior eight-stall stone stable, replete with every convenience for Travellers. Unsurpassed in the District.

N.B.—The nearest Hotel to the Court-house.

**CRITERION HOTEL,
ALEXANDRA.**

HENRY TOHILL, Proprietor.

H. TOHILL begs to inform the Travelling Public that this Hotel possesses every convenience, and trusts, by strict attention to the comfort of Travellers and the Public generally, to merit their patronage.

PRIVATE PARLOR AND BEDROOMS.

Large and commodious Billiard Room and Alcock's Prize Table.

THE BEST OF WINES, SPIRITS AND BEER ONLY KEPT.

The Culinary Department Specially attended to.

GOOD STABLING.

**PORT PHILIP HOTEL,
SUNDERLAND STREET, CLYDE.**

JOHN COX, Proprietor.

This well-known Hotel possesses every accommodation; and J. C. begs to inform the Travelling Public that, to suit the times, he has determined on reducing the charges, which, from date, will be as follows:—

Stabling, per night	...	6s
Single Feed	...	2s
Meals and Bed, each	...	2s
Board and Lodging, per week	30s	
Board only	...	20s

The Stables attached to the Hotel comprise, besides Stalls, Eight Loose Boxes. An efficient Groom always in attendance, and only the best of Provender kept.

Cobb and Co's. coaches arrive and depart from this Hotel.

THE BEST BRANDS OF SPIRITS, WINES, AND BEERS.

N.B.—A Private Cottage for Families, containing all the comforts of a home.

Hotel

**BALLARAT HOTEL,
ARROWTOWN.**

Mrs G. B. BOND, Proprietress.

The above Hotel is replete with every convenience and comfort, rendering it eminently suitable for the travelling public, while permanent boarders will find all the comforts of a home.

FIRST-CLASS STABLING
Efficiently managed.

Prize Billiard Table, with all accessories and careful attendance.

Cromwell

F O R S A L E.

4,000 TOTARA and BLACK PINE POSTS.

Apply to

D. COLWELL, Pembroke.

FIRST-CLASS MINING INVESTMENT.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

CHARLES COLCLOUGH has FOR SALE that splendid Mining Property known as ROWES' CLAIM, at the Kawarau Gorge, comprising the Claim (from which the yields are splendid), and Two Water-races, having a large and constant supply of water (the whole of one and one-half of the other), and commanding all the auriferous ground in the district.

The whole is in first-class order, yielding over £1200 per annum; and the Water-races, independently of their command of the mining ground, will always command a high value for irrigation purposes, for which they can be applied to all the agricultural country around, including the whole of the Cromwell Flat.

Every information will be given to bona fide purchasers, as well as satisfactory reasons for the disposal of the property. Terms easy.

**FREE TRADE BUTCHERY.**
(Wholesale and Retail).

JAMES DAWKINS - PROPRIETOR.

A supply of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Hams, Bacon, &c., always on hand.

*Meat delivered at Town Prices throughout the district.

**R. AND W. OLDS,
FAMILY BUTCHERS,**

MELMORE-STREET, CROMWELL.

In thanking householders of the town and district of Cromwell for the liberal patronage conferred upon them since starting business, desire to say that they have entered into such arrangements as will enable them to continue to supply their Customers with Beef, Mutton, Pork and other articles in the trade of the very best quality.

SMALL GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Families and Hotels waited upon daily.

**THE CROMWELL BAKERY.**

J. SCOTT,

BREAD AND BISCUIT BAKER,

Melmore-street, Cromwell.

Families waited on for orders, and Bread regularly delivered in all parts of the district.

**THOMAS FOOTE,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER**

MELMORE TERRACE,

CROMWELL.

Choice Selection of Tweeds on hand

Stud Horses.

**THE THOROUGHbred
HORSE
ARCHITECT**

Will Stand at Mount Fisa Station during this Season.

TERMS - £4 4s.

Season to end and Mares to be removed by 31st December, 1879.

Every care taken of Mares, but no responsibility incurred.

6th October, 1879.

I. LOUGHNAN.

**THE PURE THOROUGHbred
ENTIRE HORSE
HARUHA**

Will Travel this Season

IN THE WAKATIPU AND CROMWELL DISTRICTS,

Commencing October 17, and calling every alternate week on Fridays at Cromwell, and at Perriam's Saturday and Sunday.

HARUHA is a Bay Horse, stands 15½ hands, with great substance and quality, good constitution and temper. Got by Towton—dam Fair Puritan by Oliver Cromwell out of Cornucopia (imported), by Sweetmeat out of Jessica, by Launcelot, own brother to Touchstone.

Towton (imported), own brother to the Peer and Marchioness, by Melbourne—dam Cinizelli by Touchstone.

Haruha is full brother to Orange Lightning, half-brother to Sinking Fund, Roebuck, Tambourini, Atalanta, Papapa, Korari, and Puriri (winner of the Dunedin Derby and Christchurch St. Leger). He was bred by Mr Redwood, and sold in 1872 as a yearling for 400 guineas.

For further pedigree, see card.

TOM BEAUFORT,

Proprietor.

Arrowtown, Lake County,
8th September, 1879.

**TO STAND THIS SEASON**

AT

BELLVUE FARM, TARRAS,

The Pure Clydesdale Stallion,

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

PEDIGREE:

MARQUIS OF LORNE, bred by J. F. Kitching, Esq., is a bright bay, rising three years old. Sire—Governor, bred by Mr Robert Charters, Moy, East Taieri; his sire is the illustrious stud horse Nimmo's Emperor by Napoleon, imported from Scotland, bred by Mr Macadam, Keppeloch. His sire is by Mr Buchan, of Coldrach's horse, and his dam a mare purchased from Lorn Campbell, Esq., of Roseneath. Emperor's dam, Nancy, a well-known Clydesdale mare, bred by Mr Alexander Findlay, Sandy Hills, near Glasgow. Nancy was got by the celebrated Garvary Horse, and her dam by Scotsman, the property of James Kirkwood, Kilmars. Dam—Matty (lately the property of Mr John Stevenson, East Taieri), by Thane of Clyde, bred by Mr Thomas Young, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Thane of Clyde's sire is the far-famed horse Surprise, bred by Mr Murdoch, Lanarkshire; his grand sire Wallace. Mr Stevenson sold Matty to Mr J. F. Kitching for 200 guineas. Matty's dam, Bell, is out of Duchess, imported from Tasmania. Matty was the winner of two first, three second and two third prizes at Dunedin, Taieri and Tokomairiro, prior to her being sold to Mr Kitching. Her dam, Bell, carried off no less than thirteen first, seven second and three third prizes. Duchess is the dam of the following noted Clydesdales:—Entires: Lord Glasgow (sold to Mr W. Holley, Canterbury), Rantin Robin (sold to Mr Carmichael), Surprise (sold to Mr J. Robertson) and Blair Athol (sold to same buyer). Mares: Jean; Bell (sold to Mr W. Holley); and Bay Filly (sold to Mr R. Gawn).

An Experienced Groom in charge of the Horse.

TERMS - £5 5s.

Groomage Fee, 5s, payable on the first Service.

A Paddock of 160 acres for Mares; every care taken, but no responsibility.

Season to end 1st February, 1880, when all fees must be paid or arranged for.

BELL BROTHERS,

Proprietors, Tarras.

October 6, 1879.

BEATTY

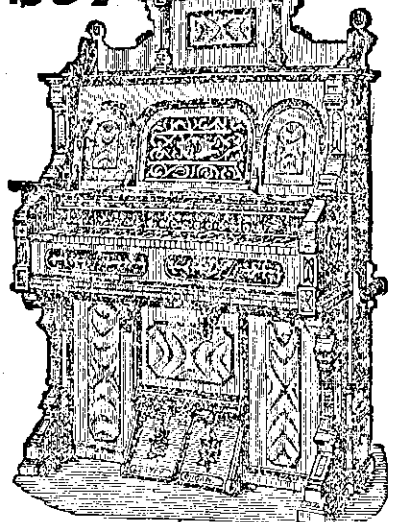
A 13 Stop Organ

ONLY \$97

15 DAYS

TEST

TRIAL

**BEATTY ORGAN Style No.**

A beautiful Cello style of architecture in this case strikes the eye of the connoisseur, and stamps it at once as the most beautiful case extant. Dimensions: Height, 74 in.; Width, 48 in. Depth, 21 in. 3 Sets of Reeds. 4 Octaves. 13 Stops. French Vented Fanned Cases highly finished. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's now Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about \$370.00. My offer, Only \$97. Pay for the instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. It is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years. Every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city or town throughout the entire civilized world shall be represented by an inferior instrument.

BEATTY PIANO \$125, \$135, and upwards.

Beware of Imitations. Having recently been Elected Mayor of my own city, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. Illustrated Newspaper giving information about cost of Pianos and Organs sent free. Address: DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

**MEDICAL HALL DISPENSARY,
MELMORE TERRACE,
CROMWELL.****HENRY HOTOP,**

Having purchased the Business lately conducted by Mr Max. Gall, begs to inform the residents of Cromwell, Clyde and the surrounding districts that he is now the only Dispensing Chemist in Vincent County, and that, to meet the requirements of his business, he has supplied himself with a Large Stock of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS & PATENT MEDICINES
Of every description.

In connection with the above, H. Hotop has also a most varied and choice Stock of

FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY,
SOAPS, COSMETICS, SCENTS,
&c., &c., &c.,
That will well repay a visit of inspection.

STATIONERY & BOOKS.

Ledgers, Journals, Day and Minute Books, Writing Paper and Envelopes of all classes.

GENERAL NEWS AGENCY.

English, European and American Newspapers and Journals supplied to Subscribers at low rates, and sent post free all over the country.

TOBACCOS & CIGARS

(Choicest Brands).

N.B.—As the business will be conducted under the immediate supervision of Mr H. Hotop, all those who may favor him with their commands may rely on every attention being paid them.

Prescriptions most carefully dispensed.

Orders received from the Clyde portion of the district will be promptly attended to.

HENRY HOTOP,

Cromwell.

NOBEL'S PATENT DYNAMITE.

DALGETY, NICHOLS AND CO., Agents for the above Dynamite, beg to call the attention of Contractors, Miners, and others, to the great strength of Dynamite compared with other explosives as shown below:—

Blasting Gelatine, 100.00, Nobel's patent.
Nitro Glycerine, 92.36
No. 1 Dynamite, 75.11, Nobel's patent
Lithofractor of the strongest and best make, 65.69.

The price of Nobel's Dynamite, notwithstanding its greater strength and purity, does not exceed even that of Lithofractor, viz:—

1 Case 50 lbs, 2s 9d per lb
5 2s 3d "
10 2s 3d "

Delivery to be taken from Magazine.

DALGETY, NICHOLS, AND CO.

Bond-street, Dunedin.

N.B.—Supplies may be obtained from

D. A. JOLLY & CO., Cromwell.

W. JENKINS, Arrowtown.

Vincent County Gazette.

TENDERS will be received at the County Offices, Clyde, up till Noon of **TUESDAY**, the 27th day of January, 1880, for the undermentioned Works:—

CONTRACT 63—ERECTOR OF TWO CHAIRS at the Nevis—one at the Township and one near O'Connell's, Upper Nevis.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the County Offices, Clyde, and Mr Masters' house, Upper Nevis.

CONTRACT 73—CONSTRUCTION OF BRIDGE over Devil's Creek, on the road Rocky Point to Quartz-reef Point.

CONTRACT 74—CONSTRUCTION OF BRIDGE over Quartz-reef Creek on the road Rocky Point to Quartz-reef Point.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the County offices, Clyde.

Tenders to be addressed to the Chairman, and marked "Tender for Contract No. —."

Neither the lowest nor any tender necessarily accepted.

L. D. MACGEORGE,
County Engineer.
County Offices, Clyde,
January 13, 1880.

V.  R.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE OTAGO GOLDFIELDS, HOLDEN AT CROMWELL.

In the matter of the Debtors and Creditors Act, 1876, and of the Debtors and Creditors Amendment Act, 1878; and in the matter of the bankruptcy of **JAMES CROMBIE**, of Nevis, in Vincent County, Publican, a Debtor.

A Meeting of the Creditors of the above-named Debtor is hereby convened to be held at the Court-house, Cromwell, on Friday, the 16th day of January, 1880, at half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, to consider an application by the Debtor for an Order of Discharge.

D. A. JOLLY,
Trustee.

EDUCATION MEETINGS.

The Annual Statutory MEETING of HOUSEHOLDERS in the several School Districts within the Education District of Otago will be held in the SCHOOL-HOUSE, or building used as a School-house, of each District upon **MONDAY**, the 26th January, at half-past 7 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of Electing Seven Householders, to form the School Committee for the current year.

P. G. PRYDE,
Secretary Education Board.

THE CROMWELL QUARTZ-MINING COMPANY (LIMITED).

The Annual GENERAL MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the Empire Hotel, Dunedin, on **WEDNESDAY**, 14th day of January, 1880, at 3 p.m.

Business: To Receive Report and Balance-sheet, and to Elect Directors and Auditors.

J. A. M'KENZIE,
Manager.

Dunedin, 6th January, 1880.

DUNEDIN CUP.

To be run on 26th February, 1880.

CONSULTATION FEE, £1.

First	£1000
Second	500
Third	300
Other starters (divided)	1000
Non-starters (divided)	2000
Total	£5000

The £1000 for other starters will average about £143 for each horse.

The £2000 for non-starters will average about £73 for each horse.

Applications should arrive before Monday, 23rd February, or they may be late.

Send Post Office orders or registered letters. Cheques should be crossed and have 1s exchange added.

Two postage stamps necessary.

ALFRED A. CAMERON,
Box 251, or Prince of Wales Hotel,
Dunedin.

WANTED, immediately, a SHEPHERD accustomed to high country. Six or twelve months' engagement. Apply,

J. DOVE,
Hawea Station.

NOTICE.

The **KAWARAU GORGE SCHOOL** will be RE-OPENED on **MONDAY** next, 19th inst.

R. BELL,
Secretary.

PIPECLAY SLUDGE CHANNEL CO. (LIMITED).

The ordinary HALF-YEARLY MEETING of Shareholders will be held at the School-house, Bannockburn, on **WEDNESDAY**, January 21st, at 8 p.m.

JAS. MARSHALL,
Manager.

PERSEVERANCE COMPANY (LIMITED).

The ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above Company will take place at the Company's Office, on **WEDNESDAY**, 14th January, 1880, at 8 p.m.

Business: Election of Directors.

CHAS. COLCLOUGH,
Manager.

CROMWELL DISTRICT HOSPITAL.

WARDSMAN & MATRON WANTED.

APPLICATIONS will be received to 13th January for the offices of Wardsman and Matron for the Cromwell Hospital. Duties to commence on 1st February, 1880.

CHAS. COLCLOUGH,
Secretary.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned till **TUESDAY**, January 20th, 1880, for BUILDING Vestry, Catholic Church, Cromwell.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the residence of Rev. Father Kehoe.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JOHN HAYES,
Cromwell.

NOTICE.

Preparatory to retiring from business in a few months, the undersigned begs to thank the public for their liberal support during the last 17 years, and requests that all Accounts now being rendered be paid on or before Christmas, in order to close the books for the year.

In the meantime, goods will be sold very cheap for cash, in order to ensure a speedy clearance.

HENRY NORMAN.
Albert Town, Nov. 14, 1879.

TOWN OF CROMWELL.

SALE BY AUCTION.

TUESDAY, 27th JANUARY, 1880.

At 1 p.m., sharp.

At the Town Hall, Cromwell.

FRONTAGES TO MELMORE-STREET, CROMWELL.

The Corporation will offer FOR SALE by auction, on Tuesday, 27th January, at 1 p.m., sharp, at the Town Hall, 45 SECTIONS on the south side of Melmore-terrace, divided into suitable frontages.

The purchasers will obtain the right of possession in 30 days after sale, to allow removal of buildings in the interval.

No valuation for buildings will be allowed.

TERMS AT SALE.

CHAS. COLCLOUGH,
Mayor.

Borough Chambers,
January 6th, 1880.

MILLS DICK AND CO'S

ALMANAC, 1880,

With which is incorporated

WISE'S SHILLING ALMANAC.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Price 1s 6d.

NEW ZEALAND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL £100,000,
In shares of £1 each

The undersigned is authorised to receive early APPLICATIONS for SHARES.

CHAS. COLCLOUGH.

A.O.F. COURT ROYAL OAK OF KAWARAU, No. 4929.

A SUMMONED MEETING of the above Court will be held on **SATURDAY**, 17th of January, in the Schoolhouse, Bannockburn.

Business: Installation of Officers.

By order

CHARLES KOCH,
Secretary.



CROMWELL RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

NOTICE.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S

PARADE will take place in the Drill-hall on **WEDNESDAY EVENING**, 14th inst.

D. A. JOLLY,
Lieut. Commanding.

ENTERTAINMENT (MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC)

IN THE

CROMWELL ATHENÆUM HALL,

ON

FRIDAY, 16th JANUARY,

In aid of funds for Children's Picnic.

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Overture (violin and piano)—"Caliph of Bagdad" Miss Murrell and Mr Ward
Song—"The Village Blacksmith" Mr Loughnan
Song Miss Tippet
Pianoforte Solo—"Jeanie Grey" Miss Murrell
Song—"The Reefer" Mr Adams
Song—"The Lover and the Bird" Miss Grogan
Song—"Dreaming of Angels" Mr J. H. Stephens

INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

PART II.

Instrumental Duet—"Les Puritans" Miss Murrell and Mr Ward
Song Miss Tippet
Song—"The Dear Little Shamrock" Mr J. H. Stephens
Cornet Solo Mr Richard Whetter
Song—"In Happy Moments Day by Day" Mr Loughnan
Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen" ... Miss Grogan
Song (comic)—"When my Band begins to play" (with orchestral accompaniment) Mr Adams

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART III.

By request, members of the Cromwell Colored Minstrels will appear in the SIDE-SPLITTING FARCE

"SHANDY-GAFF."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Shandy Sambo
Gaff Bones
Chawbacon Mr Marcus Antony

To be followed by

"THE RIVAL DARKIES."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pompey Bones
Mr Jim Brown, Esquire Sambo
Miss Araminta Peachblossom Miss C.F. Mahned

To wind up with a Grand Plantation Walk-round.

At the conclusion of the Entertainment the hall will be cleared for

A DANCE.

Doors open at 8 p.m. To commence at 8.30 sharp.

ADMISSION:

Front seats, 3s; Back seats, 2s; Children (to all parts of the hall), 1s.

N.B.—The Picnic referred to will be held on **FRIDAY**, 23rd January. Assemble at 2 p.m. at the Athenæum Hall.

W. T. WARD.

POSTAL NOTICE.

The next Frisco mail will close here at noon on Wednesday, 28th inst.

The next Suez mail will close here on Wednesday, February 11th, at noon.

W. T. WARD, Postmaster.

BIRTH.

At Bannockburn, on January 11th, the wife of Mr Charles Tippet of a Son.

Cromwell Argus, AND NORTHERN GOLD-FIELDS GAZETTE.

CROMWELL: TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1880.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

DUNEDIN, January 13, 10.46 a.m.

Sir William Fox, Gillon, and Tawhia have been appointed a Royal Commission on Native affairs.

Arrived: Margaret Galbraith, 87 days from London. One death of an infant and one birth occurred on the voyage.

The annual interprovincial cricket match between Otago and Canterbury resulted in a victory for the latter by nine wickets. Otago in second innings made 99, Conway contributing 49; Spring, 13; and Cargill, 12. In Canterbury's second innings Alp bowled Ashley, first ball. J. Fowler obtained the required 15 to win; but both gave easy chances, which were untaken. Frith bowled 262 balls for 67 runs, taking 10 wickets.

Ludwing and Shaw, two well-known Wellington jewellers, died of dropsy within a few hours of each other.

In the Christchurch riot cases, prisoners' counsel, to avoid public and private inconvenience, withdrew several challenges.

Quarterly school attendance returns, compiled by the Otago Education Board, show the number of children on the roll at the beginning of the quarter to be 16,870; at the end of the quarter, 17,850—consisting of 9,194 boys and 8,590 girls. Average attendance for quarter: 7732 boys, 6905 girls, which is an increase of 1,346 over previous quarter, and is the highest average that has ever been attained in Otago. No new schools have opened in any district during the quarter.

LATEST BY CABLE.

CAPETOWN, January 10.

The Cape Government is continuing steps for the suppression of sedition in Transvaal, and have issued grants for the arrest of Krugher and another Boer farmer, at one time President of the Transvaal Republic.

LONDON, January 10.

The *Speculator*, alluding to Victorian politics, renews its censure of the plebiscite, but approves of a Nominee Council without increased number of members.

Massing of troops by Russia in Poland is quite unexplained; it is estimated there are no fewer than 35,000 men in the field. It is considered possible that this may be a defensive measure adopted by Russia in view of a European coalition, shadowed forth by Bourke, foreign Under-Secretary at Lynn. It is understood to be an arrangement between England, Germany, France, and Austria for securing control to Great Britain of Asiatic Turkey; increased seaboard for Germany, and complete isolation of Russia.

Russia is upholding Serbia in her opposition to the Austrian railway scheme.

Mahomed Khan retreated to Ghiznee where he is rallying the Afghan forces.

Latest news from the Cape states that the Boers have intercepted despatches between Pietermaritzburg and Praetori. The situation will probably delay Wolsley's departure.

The Montenegrins stormed Gusingi. The Abbaneans offered determined resistance. There was great slaughter on both sides.

Several eminent physicians declare Bismarck to be suffering from a mild form of small pox. Latest news is that he is worse.

Government has been warned that fenianism is spreading throughout Ireland. The crowd plundered a number of provision stores at Cork.

The Mayor of Dublin states that British colonies are nobly responding to his appeal.

JANUARY 12.

The Berlin company, succeeding Messrs Godfroy, has a capital of 8,000,000 marks.

Sweeping changes have been made in the French war department. Only staunch republican Generals have command. Similar changes are imminent in departments under other Ministers. There will be now a general amnesty, but separate pardons will be given to remaining communists.

There is much latent irritation in France at comments of the German Press on French politics.

The Brisbane ship, *Scottish Knight*, bound from Gladstone (Queensland) to London struck on a shoal at Sandy Cape, on Friday last. According to latest reports, she is in a sinking condition, and has been beached to save the lives of those on board.

INTERCOLONIAL.

SYDNEY.

At a crowded meeting, a sum of £2,000 was subscribed to the Irish Relief Fund.

A tender has been accepted for the erection of a teacher's residence at Pembroke. Mr Ford is the builder, the figure being £425.

An entertainment of a rarely enjoyable nature is announced to take place in the Athenæum Hall on Friday evening next, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to providing a picnic on a liberal scale for the youngsters. A glance at the programme in another column will speak more eloquently of the rich fund of amusement set down for Friday evening than we could do in half a column of type.

Typhoid fever is just now prevalent in the Tokomairiro district. A young man there who was attacked by this malady died a few days ago.

It has been resolved by Mr Fish's committee that Mr Walter be allowed to retain undisturbed possession of the Dunedin Mayoral chair for the current year.

The telegraph strike may be said to be ended. The majority of the Blenheim men having resumed work, the 12 Dunedin operators who went out with them have followed suit.

Mr Colclough, Mayor, addresses a somewhat lengthy letter to the editor in reply to Mr Pyke's views on the narrowing of Melmore Terrace, as expressed in these columns last week. As Mr Colclough's letter only reached us at noon to-day, we regret our inability to publish it this week.

A number of residents mustered on Cromwell flat on Friday afternoon to witness a hundred yards spin between two youths, representatives of Clyde and Cromwell respectively. The result was a victory for the Cromwell lad, James Goodger, who touched the tape a yard in advance of his opponent, Master Keddell.

We have received the first number of the *New Zealand Freeman*, edited by Mr R. Cumming, a prominent member of the craft. Its contents are instructive and interesting, the original matter being well written and the extract matter judiciously selected. The publication will supply a long-felt want, and brethren all over the colony should give it the support which it undoubtedly deserves.

A much-needed downpour set in on Saturday evening, and lasted for several hours. Field crops and gardens were badly in want of moisture, and the rain came just in the nick of time to prevent serious loss. The change was the more grateful from the two previous days having been characterised by heavy drying winds. Thursday was one of the most disagreeable days experienced in Cromwell for the past two years.

That "top-rail" business in connection with the protection fence in Ballina-street seems to have proved too much for our Borough dignitaries—"leastways," the fence is not there yet, and the yawning chasm awaits a victim. Why don't the Mayor act in this matter as he has wisely done in the cutting down of the thistles—get the work done, and afterwards argue as to its utility.

Aristocratic Queenstown has a firm and abiding faith in big names. Has it not a "Marine Parade," worthy of Brighton, and a "Park" which for years has been a "thing of beauty," if not destined to become a "joy for ever." Its institutions are getting somewhat affected in the same way. The powers have recently been moved to elevate the vulgar-sounding "Rifle Volunteers," into the euphonious "M Battery of Artillery," and as a corollary we now find the brass band attached to it designated "The Queenstown Garrison Band." Does all this not savour a little of snobishness—a mingling of pride and poverty that is very amusing to those who stand aloof and look on.

There was a bit of a free-fight at last meeting of Lake County Council over that sore subject, the Pembroke slaughtering-yard. Crs M'Dougall and Smith fell foul of each other, and very naughty expressions passed between them in which the truth of each other's statements was impugned. Cr M'Dougall was strong in his language, certainly, but then he had all the merits of the argument on his side as against the license being granted. He was called upon by the Chairman to apologise, and did so by stating that he did not say Mr Smith "told a falsehood," but that the statement he made was false. We are told this was accepted as a retraction, but to our mind the point is a very fine one.

Residents in Cromwell were sorrowfully startled on Thursday morning by a report that Mr James Taylor, lately residing at Clyde, but formerly in business in this town as a builder and contractor, had committed suicide by cutting his throat the previous evening at Anderson's farm, Wanaka road. The information was brought into town about one o'clock in the morning, and Dr Stacpoole and Mr D. MacKellar—a very old friend of deceased—at once started for the scene of the fatal deed. Arriving at Anderson's, they found that poor Taylor was beyond human aid, having been dead for an hour at least when they reached him. Particulars of the sad affair, as brought out at the inquest, will be found published in another part of this paper. The unfortunate man seems to have been in some measure a victim to what can only be called cold-blooded conduct on the part of the man Anderson, and it makes one shudder to conceive how any one could display such inhumanity to a fellow-being. It may be that no assistance could have saved Taylor's life after he had, in his agony, further mutilated himself on finding that he was hopelessly imprisoned in Anderson's stable; but who can say that ordinary care when he first wounded himself would not have afforded chance for ultimate recovery; at least the bitter end of the poor man might have been alleviated and his agony assuaged. It is pitiful to think of our old townsman's end—had enough in all conscience without the horrible surroundings displayed in the ghastly story of the inquest. Few men have been in their lives more generally respected by all classes than was James Taylor, and until misfortune in business overtook him a year or two back, few responded more liberally and cheerfully to any deserving call. In a public way, he took a leading part in all things tending to the advancement of Cromwell, both as a Borough Councillor and as a private citizen, and any little weakness of the deceased man is overshadowed by his estimable qualities. The funeral took place on Friday, and was attended by a goodly number of those who will always look back with a melancholy pleasure to their acquaintance with James Taylor. Mr Drake officiated at the grave. Mrs Taylor is left with a family of four young children, and we are sorry to learn that no provision had been made on their behalf.

A contemporary, referring to the man Christie, alias Lee, committed for trial on Friday last for horse-stealing, says that his first appearance in the prisoner's box was in 1863, when he was tried and sentenced to four years' imprisonment for indecent assault.

A commanding officer's parade of the local Volunteers is called for to-morrow evening. We understand that Captain Brown has handed over the control of the Cromwell corps to Lieut. Jolly for such time as the first-named officer is in command of the Lake District. The annual supply of ammunition has arrived, and classifying will shortly be in full swing throughout the District.

Last Friday's Dunedin papers record a terrible accident which occurred to the wife of Mr Thomas Birch, an old and widely-known resident of the city. Between one and two o'clock on Thursday morning, Mr Birch, was awake by hearing the cries of his wife, whose bedroom is at the rear of the premises. On proceeding to the room he was startled by her appearance enveloped in flame. He at once awoke a young girl, the domestic, who was the only other occupant of the house, and with her help set to work to extinguish the flames, which had obtained a hold of the bedding and threatened to spread over the room. His first act was to get some blankets, to throw them over Mrs Birch, and that done to remove her to a place of safety. The application of several buckets of water served to put out the fire, but it was a very anxious time for Mr Birch, who was practically unassisted, as the girl was too frightened to render him any help. In extinguishing the flames Mr Birch was a good deal scorched about the hands, and we regret to say that his wife is terribly burned. The flesh on her right side, from the upper part of the face downwards, has been almost burned away, and the shock she sustained must have been terrible, as, we believe, she is over 50 years of age. It is surmised that Mrs Birch had been reading in bed, had fallen asleep, and that the candle she was using fell and set fire to her bed, which was considerably burned. The damage to the house itself was not great. [Mrs Birch died on Friday morning.]

The serious depression which has so long existed in every industry throughout this district has not been lost sight of by W. TALBOYS, who happily has been in a position to mitigate the evil to some extent by selling his Drapery and other Stock at prices lower than ever. By judicious cash purchases while the market was favorable, the proprietor of London House secured large stocks of splendid goods for spring and summer wear, and which he is enabled to dispose of at prices never before known in Cromwell. Every article of its kind is good and substantial, and will be found full value. Call and inspect before purchasing.—W. TALBOY'S London House, Cromwell.—[Advt.]

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are the best, the cheapest and the most popular remedies. At all seasons and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with the certainty of doing good. Eruptions, rashes, and all descriptions of sick diseases, sores, ulcerations, and burns are presently benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing, and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen, checks all tendency to irritation of the bowels, and averts dysentery and other disorders of the intestines. Pimples, blotches, inflammations of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgic affections and enlarged glands can be effectively overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the "instructions" accompanying each packet.

BOROUGH COUNCIL.

An ordinary meeting of Borough Council was held on Friday evening. Present—The Mayor, Crs Behrens, Pretsch, Goodger, and Olds.

Minutes of previous meeting having been read and confirmed, outward correspondence was read and approved. The inward correspondence was of a formal nature. The County Engineer wrote requesting the Borough authorities to undertake the future cleaning of the Cromwell bridge, which had hitherto been done at the County's expense.—The Mayor said he had given the necessary instructions for the request to be complied with.

The plan of the new line of Melmore-street was signed by Councillors, and the Corporation seal ordered to be impressed thereon.

On the motion of Cr Behrens, seconded by Cr Olds, a sub-committee consisting of Crs Goodger, Murrell, Pretsch, Dawkins, Stuart, and Scott, with the Mayor, was appointed to fix the upset price on sections in Melmore-terrace, and to draw up conditions of sale. Four of the committee to form a quorum.

Moved by Cr Murrell, seconded by Cr Pretsch, and carried—That Mr Jas. Marshall be appointed valuer for the current year, £1 10s being fixed as the remuneration.

A conversation took place regarding the cemetery trust. Ultimately the Mayor stated that he would at once take steps to have the matter put on a proper footing.

Accounts were passed for payment as follows, after which the Council rose:—R. Wishart, £4 13s 6d; A. F. Blood, £16 5s; J. Marshall, £2 2s.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9.

(Before Major Keddell, R.M.)

E. McNelly, J. Sherwood, M. Sharcoe, J. Kerin, C. McKenna, and C. Forsberg, were proceeded against by the police for allowing horses to wander at large within municipal bounds. In each case a fine of 5s and 7s costs was imposed.

HORSE-STEALING.

John Christie alias Lee was charged on information with stealing, on 1st instant, a

saddle and bridle from Marsh's stables, the property of James Dawkins, and valued at £5. Accused pleaded guilty, and urged in extenuation that he had been suffering from drink and had forgotten all about selling his own saddle the previous day. Sentence was deferred till other charges against accused had been heard.

Christie was then charged with feloniously stealing from Morven Hills Station a bay gelding, branded on near shoulder, and valued at £30, the property of James Massey. Accused was undefended; Sub-Inspector O'Donnell prosecuted.

James Massey, a laborer at Morven Hills Station, sworn, said he had known accused for about a fortnight on the station, where he was engaged bullock-driving. Owned the horse now in possession of the police. Last saw it on the station on 26th or 27th Dec., and from then up to 30th gave no one permission to take it away. From what he heard he concluded that prisoner left the station on the 31st, and on looking found that his (witness') horse, saddle, and bridle were missing. Went down to Howard's hotel, thinking accused might be there. Not finding him, proceeded on to Tarras, and getting a horse came to Cromwell, arriving about midnight. Next morning went to Marsh's and made enquiries, and looked in the stable and paddock, but saw nothing of his property. From what he heard from Mr Marsh he then gave information to the police. Accused had witness' permission to use the horse on Christmas, but after that he had no authority to use horse or saddle. Whenever accused rode the horse he used his own (a station) saddle. Accused had spoken of his intention to leave the station, but up to 30th Dec. led witness to think he had not been settled-up with.

Accused cross-examined this witness to show that he had given accused leave to use the horse whenever he wished. This was firmly denied by Massey, who averred that it was understood that accused could use the horse only while he remained on the station.

David Henderson, storekeeper at Morven Hills Station, deposed that accused had been paid up to date on 30th Dec. and discharged. He then promised to come next morning and make a fresh agreement. Saw accused that day drive a mob of horses into the yard. Last saw accused about 7 or 8 o'clock that evening. He was not quite sober then. There seemed to be no secrecy about putting the horses into the yard.

John Marsh, Bridge Hotel, Cromwell, deposed that accused came to his house about noon on 31st December, having with him a horse which he said he wanted fed, shod and put in the paddock. Believed it was the same horse as that now in possession of the police. There was an auction sale at the hotel that day, and accused asked the auctioneer to sell his saddle, which he did. Accused stayed about the hotel till midnight, after which time witness did not see him again.

John Cox, hotelkeeper, Clyde, deposed that he first saw accused at his hotel door on the forenoon of 1st January. He had with him a bay gelding which he asked should be fed. Recognised the same animal now in possession of the police. Put the horse in the stable, and about half-an-hour after handed it over to the police.

Thos. O'Donnell, Sub-Inspector of Police, arrested accused at Clyde on 1st instant, on a charge of horse-stealing. Warned him in the usual manner. Accused said he did not choose to make any statement then. Took possession of the horse, which was that claimed by Massey. Accused appeared to have had some drink when arrested.

Accused was committed for trial at the next sittings of the Supreme Court, Dunedin.

For the theft of Mr Dawkin's saddle and bridle, Christie was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor, in Lawrence gaol; and a like term for the theft of Massey's saddle and bridle.

CIVIL CASES.

F. J. Wilson v. E. Thompson—Claim for £8 16s 6d. Judgment by default for amount, with 8s costs.

Grant and MacKellar v. same—Claim for £2 15s 1d. Judgment by default, with costs and expenses, £1 6s.

Cromwell Hospital Committee v. M. Daly—Claim for £7. Judgment for plaintiff—the amount to be paid by instalments.

O'Neill v. Lynn—Claim for £74 1s 6d. No appearance of defendant. Judgment for amount, with costs, £2 9s.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS.

[BY CABLE.]

(FROM DUNEDIN DAILIES.)

LONDON, January 5.

Riots have occurred at Connemara, in connection with the anti-rent meeting. The police having been fired on by the crowd, charged them with the bayonet. Several deaths are reported. Many persons on both sides are seriously wounded.

January 6.

In consequence of the eviction of a tenant, serious riots occurred to-day at Connemara, in Ireland. The police were fired upon, and then bayoneted the rioters, who were ultimately dispersed. No one was killed, but several were wounded.

The *Daily News* correspondent with the Russian army in Asia has been expelled.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is returning from the Cape.

An amnesty has been proclaimed in Cabul.

Germany is uneasy because the Russians are massing troops in Poland.

The police killed several rioters at Connemara.

The *Daily News* correspondent in Central Asia has been ordered to leave in consequence of his adverse criticisms.

Reports state that Mr Parnell's speeches in America were extremely moderate.

Several collisions have lately taken place between the police and the people. Owing to the eviction proceedings at Connemara a procession of 400 persons assailed 60 constables with stones. The latter fired amongst the crowd and charged them with bayonets, wounding several severely. Several arrests have been made.

The Government has been caused great anxiety in consequence of the flight of Abdul Rahman from Tashkend to Balkh, with the connivance of the Russians, who supplied him with money. This is regarded as the beginning of an unofficial war, altering the aspect of the Afghan question.

A German company to carry on Godfrey's Samoan business is established. Prince Bismarck has given the sanction of the German Government to a subsidy.

An agitation has been commenced in Ireland for a general reduction of house rents on account of the depression.

Germany has demanded from Russia an explanation of the massing of troops in Poland.

January 7.

News has been received that an insurrection has broken out in Bolivia. The President has been overthrown, and has fled. The insurrection is attributed to the ill-success of Bolivia in the war with Chili.

BERLIN, January 5.

The North German *Gazette* publishes an article to-day in which it is stated that Germany warmly supported Sir Henry Layard, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, during the recent rupture with the Porte. The affair is likely to bring about a clearer understanding between England and Germany.

ST. PETERSBURG, January 6.

Her Majesty the Empress is suffering a relapse, and is again in a critical state of health.

BOMBAY, January 6.

Dispatches from General Roberts, dated Cabul, the 4th, announce that all is quiet within the city. An amnesty is being granted to all except the leaders of the rebellion.

General Gough's force has occupied the Bala-Hissar.

CAPETOWN, January 6.

The secretary of the People's Committee in the Transvaal, recently arrested for treason, has been committed for trial, but has been liberated on bail.

DUBLIN, January 8.

The Government will advance £250,000 of Church Surplus Funds for relief works.

LONDON, January 8.

The Irish distress is increasing. The Marlborough House Fund has reached £14,000, but makes only slow progress.

Failing private efforts, the Government will ask Parliament to grant £250,000 out of the Church surplus to relieve the distress in Ireland.

Opposition to process serving has become general.

Riots have occurred in Sligo.

The tenants are refusing to pay rents, and have been served everywhere with notice of eviction. Some of the servers were roughly used.

Fourteen bodies have been recovered from the Tay, at the scene of the recent disaster.

Rumours of the massing of Russian troops on the German frontier are attracting a good deal of public attention in England and Europe.

January 10.

Sergeant Parry died suddenly. The shock killed his wife.

A loan has been issued of £130,000 for the Wellington Waterworks.

Two chiefs on the Gold Coast have ceded the seaboard to the British. It is believed that it is intended to acquire Popoe as a seaport, making Abomey the capital of Dahomey.

Short and Sweet.

A civil service marriage is thus recorded in the *Reno Gazette*:—

Judge Richardson doesn't pretend to be a parson, and therefore isn't as well up in the marriage ceremony as the stinky supporters of a decayed hierarchy are. The young couple stood up before him the other evening and the Judge enquired in a cross-question tone of the groom—"Are you a citizen of the United States?"

The groom took hold of the waistband of his trousers and tugged, saying—"I voted for Tilden, Judge."

"Why, James!" faintly exclaimed the blushing creature by his side.

"It's a fact, Emmer," protested James, rather indignantly, and glaring at the Judge.

His Honor coughed, and demanded severely—"Do you, sir, as a citizen of Nevada and a lawful voter of Reno, solemnly declare that you will forsake all other evils and cleave to this one?"

"I've money bet on it," responded the groom, growing pale but placing his arm around the waist of the shrinking bride.

"Then," cried the Judge, bringing his fist down on the desk, "God has jointed you together, and damn the man who puts you asunder. The fee is just what you like to give, young fellow. It was pretty liberal, and the Court set them up and kissed the new wife several times besides."

CORONER'S INQUEST.

An enquiry was held at Stuart's Victoria Hotel on Thursday last, before Major Keddell, district coroner, and a jury (Mr James Marshall, foreman) into the death of James Taylor.

The jury being empanelled and having viewed the body, evidence was taken of which the following is a summary:—

James Heuchan deposed that he lived on the farm of Thomas Anderson, Wanaka road. On Wednesday, 7th instant, deceased, James Taylor, sat down to supper in company with witness and Anderson. After supper noticed deceased walking about outside. Went to bed about nine o'clock. Know deceased's name was James Taylor and that he was a carpenter. A few minutes after witness was in bed, Anderson called him out, saying, "Taylor's cut his throat." Got up and went outside, when he saw deceased on his knees, and before him a pool of blood. Deceased was 20 or 30 yards from Anderson's dwelling-house. Witness and Anderson picked deceased up and carried him into the stable, laying him down on some bags and an old blanket. Deceased was breathing and bleeding from a cut in his throat. He did not appear to bleed a great deal then, but there seemed to be a good deal of blood in the pool outside. Left deceased in the stable—witness to get ready himself and horse to go to Cromwell for a doctor, and Anderson to get a light. While witness was saddling the horse, deceased came out of the stable and went to the water-spout and put his head under the water. Anderson and witness carried him back to the stable. Witness then started off for Cromwell and left Anderson with deceased. Deceased never spoke after cutting his throat, but he made a gurgling sound, as if attempting to speak when they first carried him to the stable. Did not notice any knife in deceased's hands or on the ground near him when first saw him.

By the Foreman—Deceased did not speak much at supper, and what he did say was the same as usual. Anderson did not say he saw Taylor cut his throat. We did not in any way attempt to staunch the blood—we just laid him in the stable. I think deceased put his head under the water-spout to ease the pain. I caught hold of him, and he tried to get his head under the second time. We carried him back to the stable, and as soon as we did so I started for Cromwell. Deceased rushed right to the water-spout when he came out of the stable.

By the Jury—When Anderson said Taylor had cut his throat, he said something like, "I wish the bloody pig had gone somewhere else to cut his throat."

Thomas Anderson, sworn, deposed that he was a farmer living on the Wanaka road. Knew deceased, James Taylor. He came to witness' place the previous day on foot from the direction of Wanaka. He was stopping, by permission, at witness' place for the night. Deceased sat down to supper about 7 o'clock with witness and Heuchan. Deceased's manner struck witness as depressed or wild, although there was nothing unusual about his conversation. After supper they all went outside. Witness went about his ordinary duties in the paddock until nearly dark. On returning to the house, deceased was outside the door. Spoke to him, and passed into the house. Deceased then walked away perhaps a couple of hundred yards, and remained away about 20 minutes. Meantime it was getting dark, and witness went into his bedroom to go to bed. Then heard some one talking outside. On lifting the window-blind, saw that it was deceased, who was some 50 yards away. He came up to the house then, and, having a pair of socks drying, he took off his boots and put them on, still talking, and apparently very excited. His boots on, he he walked round the house to the water-spout to get a drink. He was pulling his beard at a tremendous rate. He walked back again, and went out of sight. Witness then went to bed, telling his wife she had better tell Mr Taylor to come in to bed. She returned and said she thought she saw Taylor lying down inside the fence with his coat off. Then jumped up, and sang out, "Taylor, are you coming to bed?" Had an answer, "Yes," or something to that effect from him. When he answered, witness went up to him. Deceased was kneeling, with a pool of blood in front of him. Did not touch him then, but ran to the house of Heuchan, and both went back to Taylor. Deceased got up when witness put his hand on him and walked three or four yards, when he fell. Then carried him into the stable and laid him down. Deceased appeared to be pretty far gone, and witness did not think he would get up again, so closed the stable door. Witness and Heuchan thought of tying deceased's hands, but did not do so. While they were looking for a horse to go to Cromwell, deceased came bounding out of the stable and ran to the tub of water, which was thirty or forty yards away. "We waited to see what he was going to do. He plunged his head in, and I thought he was going to drown himself, so we let him plunge his head in a second time. We took him out then, took him back to the stable and laid him down again. He (deceased) appeared determined to get out again, which I prevented. I was outside, and he was inside the stable. I did nothing to staunch the blood, and made no attempt to do so. Deceased tried to speak to me when I was outside the stable. He was muttering something—it might be for a drink of water—possibly it was. Heuchan went for the doctor, and spoke to me at the stable door before he went. After he had gone, deceased

tried to get out again, and I barricaded the stable-door to prevent him. I didn't know anything about him, and I thought he was too far gone. I know nothing of patching wounds of that sort. He began to get quiet then, and I thought it best to leave him so—I thought he was either asleep or dead. I went back to the kitchen, and just sat up all night. I next saw deceased when the doctor came this morning, about half-past four o'clock. I went into the stable with the doctor and Mr MacKellar. Deceased was lying on the floor of the stable, and not on the couch we made for him. I didn't pay much attention to him—merely to see whether he was dead or alive—that's all. I think he was dead."

By the Police—I noticed nothing in deceased's hands when I lifted him. I saw the knife produced for the first time this morning, when Mr MacKellar had it.

By the Jury—Deceased had no intoxicating drink at my place, and was not drunk. I am clear that it was his own act, and have no reason to suppose it was any body else.

D. MacKellar, builder, Cromwell, deposed that he knew deceased, James Taylor, a carpenter, living at Clyde. Last saw him alive on Monday week, when he was leaving Cromwell for Hawea, where he was acting as inspector of the bridge. Saw him next that morning at Anderson's farm, in the stable. He was lying on his face and stomach, with trousers, shirt and boots on. His waistcoat and necktie were lying near him. One examination found Taylor was dead. On hearing Anderson's story, made search for some weapon that might have caused the gash in deceased's throat. About 11 yards from the house found a pool of blood, partly dried, and by it a hat and the knife produced. About five yards further on, found a second pool of blood. Collected the blanket, hat, knife and effects of deceased and put them, with the corpse, into Anderson's dray, and started them off for Cromwell.

By the Foreman—There did not appear to be a very great quantity of blood on the ground.—The inside of the stable door was marked with bloody finger-marks.—The door was closed with two bars, and further barricaded with a bench and two coils of wire.

Chas. A. Stacpoole, a legally qualified medical practitioner, residing in Cromwell, deposed that he was sent for by the police that morning, and told that a man named James Taylor had cut his throat. Started with Mr MacKellar about 1.30 a.m. for Anderson's farm, which they reached about 4 o'clock. Asked Anderson how the man was, and he said he didn't know, but that he was in the stable, and witness could go in and see. Went in to the stable, and there found Taylor on his face, dead. Assisted by Mr MacKellar, turned him on his back, and found that one of his hands was almost entirely in a gash in his throat. Removed it, and then found a wound three or four inches across the throat, severing the windpipe. The direction was evidently from left to right, and the wound could have been self-inflicted, and by such a knife as the one produced. Should think deceased must have been dead an hour or an hour and a half. Did not think there would have been any chance of his recovery. Deceased appeared to have thrust his hand into the wound and his windpipe and so suffocated himself, but in his (witness') opinion deceased died from the wound in the throat. Thought if deceased had been watched and his hands tied, he might have been alive when witness arrived, and so life saved. Had read of cases where the windpipe had been severed and yet life saved.

The jury, after some consideration, returned verdict.—That the deceased, James Taylor, committed suicide while of unsound mind. The jury are of opinion that the witness Thomas Anderson displayed considerable inhumanity in the manner in which he dealt with deceased after discovering him with his throat cut.

ALEXANDRA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

January 9.

The holidays passed over very quietly in this locality, the most noteworthy event being the bazaar to clear off the debt on the Presbyterian Church, which was most successful in every way. The public contributed very liberally, and the ladies deserve every credit for their arrangements for disposing of the large quantity of goods of every description which they had in stock. That the proceeds should amount to over £100 speaks volumes for the energy and ability displayed by those who had the management of the affair. On Boxing Day the usual sports were held, which were even better attended than similar events have been for some years past. The New Year was ushered in by the brass band playing a few airs through the streets, and a number of people keeping up the system of first-footing, with as much enthusiasm as if they had been Scotchmen "to the manner born." However, it is all over now, and things are once more running in their old groove, and I don't suppose that those who commenced the year with the prospect of 12 months toil before them will feel much the worse for the few days relaxation, when the cares of life were temporarily thrown aside, and the time devoted to harmless enjoyment.

Hot dry winds seem to be the rule this summer, and in the township the heat during the last few days has been semi-tropical. On Thursday the thermometer registered 80 degrees at midnight. The crops in the neighborhood are beginning to suffer for the

want of rain, and the farmers, who had a prospect in the spring of reaping an abundant harvest, seem doomed to disappointment.

The Borough Council held their ordinary meeting on 7th inst. when, amongst other business, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Vincent Pyke, Esq., and the Hon. Captain Fraser for their services in connection with the passage of the Corporation Reserve Bill last session. The Council has also taken steps to get the name of the post-office here altered to Alexandra. It will scarcely be credited that although the township has been incorporated under the name of Alexandra for over 11 years, it is still only known to the postal authorities under its original name of Manuherikia, and to complete the absurdity the telegraph department, in the same building, is called Alexandra. It would have been far better if the original name of the township had been retained, but as some Government official possessed of snobbish proclivities thought otherwise, it is only reasonable to ask that the name should be used by the different Government departments. This is not a mere fanciful grievance, as letters are being constantly forwarded by mistake to Alexandra in Auckland, and after considerable delay are returned to Dunedin, where they are endorsed "try Manuherikia," and eventually reach their destination several weeks after the time when they ought to have arrived by the ordinary course of post. This delay in some business letters has already been productive of serious consequences, and the sooner the absurd arrangement is altered the better.

ARROWTOWN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

January 10.

The Lake County Council is fast developing into a bear-garden; every succeeding meeting excels its predecessor in riot and violence. It was not to be expected that private interest would be locked out from the Council Chamber, and the little foibles which displayed themselves on its account were good-humoredly allowed to pass unnoticed by the ratepayers; but when personal feeling interferes, as it did at the last meeting, with the business of the County, the public is duty bound to express its disapproval in plain and unmistakable terms. The *causis belli* was again the slaughteryard at Pembroke, and the mere fact that the yard for which the licence is required is situated within the township of Pembroke should be sufficient reason, for any man ordinarily constituted, why the application for a slaughtering licence be refused. But no, meeting after meeting the question crops up in some shape or form, leading to discussion, and arguments that, as *Punch* says, generally end with "you're another." Thus has this unsavory subject served for two or three meetings as the peg on which private spleen displays its dirty rags, and it is likely that at the next meeting it may lead to a pitched battle. For this disgraceful state of affairs the Council as a body is to blame. Nothing but a feeling entirely foreign to the question could foist upon the residents at Pembroke the odium of a slaughteryard in their very town by men who are living on the other side of the range. At the same meeting the question of removing the seat of the Council to Arrowtown was also decided, and for the first time the Arrow turned traitor against itself. Not that it matters much, for in its present state the acquisition could not possibly result in credit to the town. When the Council has learnt good manners, and the councillors have given proof that they know how to behave like gentlemen, then perhaps Arrowtown may afford them a shelter and a resting-place.

Mr Thos. Hall, the intrepid prospector, shows some splendid stone from his last discovery, the Gallant Tip, on the Upper Shot-over. The stone is thickly studded with gold, and generally is of a promising character, the reef being about 6ft in width. A 10-head battery has been ordered for the claim, and as soon as the ground has become accessible, its erection will be proceeded with.

The land sale held here last Thursday cannot be pronounced as very successful. Several reasons account for the small amount of business done. One is, that as far as regards the Arrowtown extension, several mining privileges exist, one of which overlaps no less than four sections, and also that the price fixed at from £15 to £20 per acre is far too high. In the case of the sale of town sections at Pembroke, a new survey has recently been made, of which no maps were to be had, the few sections which were disposed of were therefore bought upon hazard.

A picnic in connection with the Juvenile Templars was arranged for Saturday last, and provisions on a grand scale were made, but, unfortunately, the day turned out wet and to some extent spoiled the fun. Mr and Mrs Butel, on whose farm the picnic was held, put their large barn at the disposal of the pic-nicrs, and with their usual kindness and urbanity did all they could to make the holiday makers comfortable, which was acknowledged by three ringing cheers from the recipients.

The Municipal Council of Arrowtown intends to again offer its endowment of 1,150 acres by public competition. The land would make first-class depasturing ground, and should fetch a good price.

With all the holidays over and everybody at his regular employment, our gold mines, especially those at Mactown, and our farms will no doubt give during the next few months a good account of themselves, though

the harvest will scarcely come up to the average on account of the exceptional dry season.

A fine shower of rain is falling and comes in plenty of time for both grain and root crops, and also will do a great deal of good to gardens and orchards. The rain was preceded by high winds, sometimes attaining the force of a hurricane, though in your quarter, where, I am told, it can blow properly, it would only be called a breeze; yet whatever its proper appellation may be, it was strong enough to blow down a building lately occupied by Mr John Baker as a blacksmith's shop.

QUEENSTOWN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

January 10.

Alluvial mining cannot be said to be improving. In quartz-mining, however, the prospects are such as to induce the belief that considerably better returns might be expected. A more stringent enforcement of the conditions of mining leases would have a most beneficial effect in some of the centres of this particular branch of mining. Such a course would certainly be the means of capital being expended in claims that are held by that class of persons whose only object is to display specimens and live on the credulity of the public.

At the Lake County Council meeting on the 5th inst. a motion, in substance "Which shall be the County town—Queenstown or Arrow?" was disposed of, and may be said to finally settle the bone of contention between the two municipalities. It must be somewhat amusing to outsiders, this struggle for supremacy. What a strain it must be on the imagination of the champions of these two hamlets to jerk themselves into the belief that Wakatipu is about to conceive a London, a Manchester or a Glasgow. Communities are like individuals in resorting to pomposity to disguise poverty. Why, the time was in goldfields history when a "lucky digger" would have considered it but a commonplace spree to knock down as much as Queenstown is worth, and taper off with an Arrowtown.

The Christmas and New Year festivities here passed over in a manner differing but little from previous years—horse-racing, as usual, forming the prominent features.

With the facilities Lake County possesses for aquatic sports, it is to be regretted that regattas have entirely disappeared from the holiday programme. It is to be hoped that the youth of the district will embrace the advantages they possess in this direction. With ordinary application, Wakatipu ought to be in a position to take a creditable part in any rowing contest in the universe.

We begin this year with prospects probably better than the preceding one, still not what can be called the brightest of aspects. The grain crops give promise of a fair harvest, but other industries do not seem to be of a progressive nature. The pastoral interest—one that should always be of considerable importance in Wakatipu—has suffered severely in recent years from severity of weather, and is now threatened with something approaching ruin in the shape of the rabbit pest. The argument that settlement is the sure exterminator of the rabbit may apply in flat country, but a very small per centage of all Wakatipu is suited for settlement in agricultural pursuits; the remainder is mountainous, and adapted only for pastoral purposes. The future of Lake County so far as the pastoral interest is concerned, really looks ominous, and unless most stringent measures be adopted, and quickly, one of the principal resources of the County will be completely prostrated—a calamity that it is to be hoped every effort will be made to avert.

The Old Song.

"Take back the heart," as the man said who drew one when he wanted a diamond.

"Gum, gum away to the pearly fountain," was sung by the man who dropped his false teeth into the creek.

"A loan in the world" was given with great effect by the man who had to raise £100 by Saturday noon.

"All's swell" was composed and sung by the man who sat down on an oak stump, using a navy-blue wasp for a cushion.

"Bee ware" was the national song of the honey merchants.

"Dream, baby dream" was sung and said, very energetically by the man who patrolled the floor while the colic patrolled his baby.

"Good-bye, sweet tar" was chanted by the dyspeptic man who couldn't eat pie.

"Somebody is Waiting for Me," was wailed out by the man who had been to the lodge, lost his night key, and could see the shadow of his wife's mother's night-capped head on the curtain of the sitting-room.

"Larboard Watch" is the favorite lay of the recent idiot who wears two watches.

"Life without Thee would be Dreary," sung by the man, name and place of residence unknown, just prior to turning his pocket flask very nearly upside down.

"Sing, sweet bird," was the deceiving plaint of a man who was wandering around in the high grass, hunting for a lost turkey.

"The Story that Never grows Old," was chanted by the man who only knew one, and told it every time he could get a crowd together.

"Wait till the Moon goes down," was the favorite song of a burglar.

PROVINCIAL AND COLONIAL.

The Orangemen of Timaru have decided to postpone their procession to July 12, which is the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

At New South Wales, Stephen Davis struck James Mansfield on the mouth for publicly defaming his wife. Mansfield bled to death in an hour.

A writer in the *Patea Mail* hears from an up-country township that a Registrar who was hard-up went to a sick man to get an advance on his death certificate. How is that for high?

We learn from the Invercargill papers that the principal list of intending subscribers to the new Southland Jockey Club now bears on it no less than 50 names, all "down" for the liberal annual subscription of five pounds.

In an action against Chiarini, where damages were sought to the extent of £50 for an upset caused by a horse taking fright at the zebras belonging to the circus, judgment was given for £30, and £12 13s costs.

Advice has been received that by the next mail from San Francisco, due at Auckland yesterday, the Government expects 2,040,000 American white fish ova, 250,000 of which are to be sent to the Queenstown breeding-ponds.

At the Wellington Foresters' Fête lately, a young man 22 years of age, named George Jennings, had just succeeded in winning a race of 250 yards, when he fell down dead at the winning post. The medical evidence at the inquest showed that the deceased must have been suffering from disease of the heart.

We glean from the *Canterbury Times* that at a recent meeting of the Tai Tapu Sparrow Club, the report showed that the boys had collected a grand total of 13,338 eggs and 3,046 birds, which will give some idea as to the extent of the nuisance. The eggs were paid for at the rate of 1½d, and birds at 3d per dozen.

Last year's Volunteer Demonstration in Southland is to be numerically doubled, or nearly so, if the estimate made by Major Lean, of Christchurch, is correct. Telegrams state that at a meeting of the Review Committee, held last week, he gave it as his opinion that 1,900 men would be massed at Christchurch at Easter.

We learn from San Francisco papers that Frank Gardiner, the ex-Australian bush-ranger, has fallen on hard times. Since his arrival in San Francisco he has behaved himself pretty well, and has endeavored to earn an honest living by keeping a beer saloon. The other day he was sold out for a trifling debt, and is now, like O'Callaghan, on his last legs.

At a meeting of the Dunedin Jockey Club held last week, it was resolved that Mr Caleb Moore be appointed handicapper to the Club until the end of the financial year. Seven members voted for the motion, and four against it. On its being declared carried, Mr Hazlett immediately tendered his resignation of the office of Vice-President, and left the room.

The oldest lady pioneer in New Zealand breathed her last, on the 12th ult., at Pakaraka, in the provincial district of Auckland, having completed her 86th year only four days before her death. This was Mrs Williams, relict of Archdeacon Williams, who died in 1867, and arrived at the Bay of Islands, accompanied by his wife and three children, in August, 1823—56 years ago.

When the steamer *Penguin* was at Milford Sound during her Christmas excursion on the West Coast two prospectors in the ranges there reported having seen several live moas, and spoke confidently of being able to capture one or more of them. The men are positive as to the identity of the mammoth birds, and said they expected to make sure of one or two dead or alive.

The engagement of the celebrated man-impersonator has apparently not proved the profitable speculation that was anticipated by the showmen interested. The *Castlemaine Representative* understands that Messrs Bignell and Pierce do not intend to continue the engagement with De Lacy Evans. And again the question arises, what is to become of the woman? She is manifestly unfit for the hard work in mines to which she has been accustomed, even if she were permitted to adopt male attire *en permanence*, and she is quite unable to perform feminine work. Some good-natured person might find her a valuable farm hand, and she might at such employment be able to earn a quiet living.

A case of suicide by poisoning occurred in Dunedin last Thursday, the victim being an old pensioner, 57 years of age, named William Esmond. During the previous few days he had been drinking, and on Wednesday he procured from the shop of Mr Neil, herbalist, 4s worth of poison, saying that he wished to destroy some rats. After taking the poison he was taken in an express to the hospital, and died at half-past 4 o'clock, an hour and a half after his admission. He received his last remittance only about a week ago, and some time since was separated from his wife. From statements he made in the hospital it appears he was jealous of her.

What a really "industrious man" can do in a few hours of close application has been admirably exemplified by Mr John Harford or Harbord—a "citizen of the world," recently occupying, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers, the responsible position of steward of the *May Queen*, presently lying at the Bluff. John, it seems, tired of the monotony of sea life, obtained leave of absence on the morning of New Year's Day, invested in a railway ticket, and went up to Invercargill to see the "games" or even "take a hand." His personal effects at starting included, it is

supposed, a nice little bunch of skeleton keys found on him when arrested. At the close of his day's work—in which business and pleasure were curiously mixed—they were as follows:—One L10 note, Bank of N. Z.; one L6, National; three L1 ditto; one L1 Colonial; L2 in gold, a foreign coin resembling gold, L1 6s in silver, 7d in copper, one gold ring, three purses, two ordinary keys, five pipes (wooden and meerschaum), a box of matches, two handkerchiefs, pair of braces and belt, one half-hunting watch, one silver hunting watch and silver guard, seal and shell attached, one open-faced silver watch, with gold Albert and locket; one American silver hunting watch and steel Albert chain, two three-penny pieces, two watch keys, three pocket books, one photograph and a tobacco pouch, a pair of gloves, nine skeleton keys, railway ticket, one Colonial gold brooch, three pen knives, one silver watch with chain and key, one lady's gold watch and silver guard, two four-penny pieces and one penny. For nearly all these articles owners have presented themselves.

That honesty does not always obtain its proper reward is the experience of the individual who, on the night of a recent Masonic ball at Wellington, found and restored to its owner a gold bracelet, valued at over 100 guineas, which was lost by Lady Robinson, and who, according to the *New Zealand*, received a reward of half-a-sovereign; and also of the two men who, finding £62 in coin on the public road in Glenomaru, returned it to the police, and received from the owner L1 a-piece for their trouble.

News has been received by the last English mail of the disqualification of F. Archer, for foul riding at Lichfield. It appears that, trading on his good name, and counting on the support of his numerous worshippers—for a successful jockey is almost worshipped in England—he has for a long time past perpetrated foul practices of the grossest description when riding, and hitherto escaped with impunity. But Nemesis has at last overtaken him, and the Lichfield stewards not only disqualified and severely reprimanded him, but gave him to understand that, were he in future detected in similar practices on other racecourses, he would be arraigned before the stewards of the jockey club and probably disqualified for ever.

Married or Not Married?

A curious story is related by the *Armidale Express*, which states that at a town not 100 miles from Armidale, and within the last month, a couple went to a certain church with the full intention of taking one another for better or worse. The fair and blushing bride had just merged into 16 summers, and the bridegroom appeared on the shady side of 40. The ceremony having been duly gone through, the couple, now made one, wended their way to their home, and happiness reigned around. Things went right for a whole week, when an altercation took place between them, which ended in the bride seeking the home of her parents, and the husband carefully nailing up every means of ingress except the door, which, padlocking carefully, he locked on the outside. The consternation of the bride's parents on her return may be readily realised, and the incensed father demanded her marriage lines; but lo! she had none. Away he rushed, and demanded them from the performer of the ceremony, who immediately handed them to him, making excuses for the oversight in not having handed them to the couple on the marriage day. On his arrival home a consultation took place as to future action, when a friend present requested to see the marriage lines, and, scanning them carefully, remarked, "Why, these documents are worthless! They have not been signed by either of the contracting parties, although duly certified as being correct by the officiating clergyman!" The agitated father immediately sought the clergyman, and what his feelings were it would not be easy to realise; but he besought the father to be calm, and he would send for the husband, get him to sign the documents, and all would be well. A note was instantly forwarded, asking him to step up to the house of the bride's parents at once, and meet the clergyman. He came, and after hearing what the minister required, refused point blank to sign them, stating they did not suit each other, and as he saw now that they had never been legally married, he considered himself well out of a bad bargain. The case is likely to occupy the attention of a bench of magistrates at an early date.

Hints About Babies.

Babies are such unusual things—so rarely seen or heard—that all creation are certain to be interested in yours. Therefore, when yours arrives, have a grand jollification over it. Talk about it as if there had never been a baby born since Cain first came into this world of "sin and sorrow."

Tell how he smiled and cried and kicked up his little toes, and opened his eyes as if he were so surprised to think he had got here!

Turn the whole house upside down for him! No matter about the comfort of the rest of the household! The baby must be seen to! Muffle the door bell—it might disturb baby! Let Bridget go in her stocking feet—creaking shoes hurt baby's nerves. Turn the cat out doors—she might suck baby's breath. Kill the dog—he might run mad and bite baby. Take grandpa's pipe away—tobacco smoke will stuff baby up so.

Show him to everybody who comes in. Don't slight even the baker or butcher; show them that you are not stuck up; you can let even a tradesman see your baby—"a cat may look at a King."

When you have callers take baby down to the parlor and display him to the best

advantage. Let everybody hold him a little, and shake him a little, and kiss him a little, and chuck him under the chin, and pinch his legs, and feel his bald head, and pull open his watery little staring eyes to see if they are the color of his pa's or ma's.

Let them trot him, and toss him, and cry boo! at him to their heart's content. By and by, when he gets older, and the troubles of life come thick upon him, it will comfort him to look back upon this period of his existence, and remember that after all there can be nothing more in store for him than he has already gone through—he has been a baby in a family that admired him.

Fathers should cultivate whiskers to their fullest extent, so as to afford baby a chance to exercise its pulling propensities. Babies are notoriously "good" when they have such whiskers as they like to pull. Next to whiskers comes hair. Hair is almost equal to whiskers as a means of diversion for these little household pets. Fathers should never wear their hair short—it discourages baby, and is a great wrong to him. Babies have rights as well as elder people.

A long nose is a splendid thing in a family where there is a baby. It affords baby so much innocent amusement in twisting and pinching and turning it up, and is such a help to thought and calculation, as to the best chance of seeing it unawares and making the most of it.

If you want your baby to be healthy, give him occasional doses of all the advertised nostrums of the day adapted to his age. He will be likely to have worms, so you will be safe in giving him worm syrup quite often, to warn the worms that you are on the lookout for them, and that their fate is certain if they do come.

Keep the catnip tea a-stewing, and the soothing-syrup handy, and let him eat all the candy and raw apples he wants, and you'll find times lively and soothing syrup a convenient thing to have in the house.

If he cries for anything let him have it—no matter if it be his father's watch or his grandma's spectacles, or Aunt Sally's favorite poodle, let him have it. Don't cross him; you'll break his spirit.

Take him out with you whenever you go anywhere. Everybody will want to see baby. And all the dogs and cats in the houses you visit will be delighted that they have got ears and tails for him to pull.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Strange Story.

One of those tragic stories which in the early days characterised digging life in Victoria is likely to be revived with the discovery of some human remains at Elmhurst. Some of the surroundings of the skeletons have been recognised, or have led to the belief that they belonged to a squatter named Young, who was murdered, but of whose remains no trace was ever discovered, thus leading to the supposition that the body of the unfortunate man had been burnt by the assassins. The facts are these:—About 10 or 12 years ago a flock of about 1,200 sheep was travelling in the neighborhood of Mount Cole—on their way to a diggings market—when the scab appeared amongst them, and leave was obtained to dip them on Mount Cole station. There were three men in charge of the flock—the proprietor, Young, a shepherd named Coleman (who had been a sailor trading on the coast of Africa), and a hut-keeper called Behl (a native of Hungary). The last occasion on which the three men were seen together was when dipping the sheep, and it seems to have been resolved after the operation to camp them in the vicinity of Beaufort (then called Fiery Creek), with the view of allowing the sheep to recover, and perhaps of finding a market at that rush. Young came to Fiery Creek once to inquire about a customer and was never seen afterwards. After the lapse of a day or two from his appearance there, Coleman (the sailor) visited the diggings, dressed in Young's clothes, and told the principal butcher of the place (Grant) that he (Coleman) was Young, and that the sheep belonged to him. He agreed for a price, and sold the sheep, for which he received the money, and immediately after the transaction obtained permission of Dr Law (now of Ararat) to use a private room in his place that he might count the notes there, and prove the amount correct. On the day following the transaction, a man, who subsequently turned out to be Behl, also visited Dr Law, and after obtaining some medicine tendered a pound note very much torn in payment. This was refused owing to its dilapidated state, and 20 more, similarly abused, were offered before one was taken which the doctor considered was fit to keep. A few hours after this Coleman bought two horses, to carry back himself and his man, whom he represented Behl to be; and since that time no tidings have been obtained of the former, although the police made most vigilant search. The authorities were unable to sheet home the charge of murder upon Behl, but he was convicted of sheep-stealing, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. While in Pentridge,

Behl promised to show where the remains of Young were if taken to the neighborhood of Mount Cole; but he only led the police a wild-goose chase, and no dependence was placed upon his statement, which was to the effect that Coleman had killed Young and hidden the remains. It is now believed that the skeleton found in the branch of a tree at Elmhurst is that of Young, suspicion being led in this direction by the color of the deceased's hair, the remarkably fine teeth, the description of the pistols, and a locket of hair. The preliminary steps for the identification of the remains have, we believe, been taken by the police, and in the meantime other contingencies arising from the case are being legislated for by them. If the remains prove to be those of Young, his murderers must have driven the body 20 miles from the sheep camp in a spring-cart which they had with them, and hidden it as described. Of the case it may be remarked as an unfortunate fact that the day upon which the news of the discovery of the remains reached the gentleman who had at the time of his disappearance been Young's partner, he also received word that the lady who alone could have identified the locket containing hair, and other things which were found upon him, had died in Tasmania. It is quite certain that, when in gaol, Behl made some confession, which was never discovered, as it was said to have been made to a solicitor (a co-religionist) under a sacred seal of secrecy. All agree in suspecting that Behl killed Coleman after the murder of Young, to be relieved of one who possessed dangerous knowledge and a large sum of money.—*Ararat Advertiser.*

Miss Flynn and her Lover.

Miss Mary Flynn was studying medicine and being courted at the same time. Mr William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening, when they were sitting together in the front parlor, Mr Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him. "Do you know," she said, "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?" "Millions of 'em!" replied Mr Budd. "And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her that she could not wink without a sphincter muscle." "How unreasonable." "Why, a person cannot even kiss without a sphincter!" "Indeed!" "I know it is so." "May I try if I can?" "Oh, Mr Budd, it is too bad of you to make light of such a subject!" Mr Budd seized her hand and kissed that. She permitted it to remain in his grasp. "I didn't notice," he said, "whether a—what do you call it?—a sphincter helped me or not. Let me try again." Then he tried again, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body. "It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr Budd, "really wonderful! Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?" "Why, the occipital bone, of course." "And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?" "The spiralis and infra-spiralis among others." Well, now, let me show you what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, is it your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade in this way?" "My back hair primarily, but the occipital, of course, afterwards. But, oh, Mr Budd, suppose pa should come in and see us?" "Let him come! Who cares?" said Mr Budd boldly. "I think I'll exercise a sphincter again, and take a kiss." "Mr Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat. "Don't call me Mr Budd—call me 'Willie,' drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling." "Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly. "What, darling?" "I can hear your heart beat." "It beats only for you, my angel!" "And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform." "Small wonder for that when it is bursting with joy!" "You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine." "It's your own property, darling; do as you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one that strikes me most favorably. Let me see how it works again?" But why proceed? The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of the muscles of Mr Budd's mouth was enacted again. And, about eight years later, Mr Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some fatal disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking that the best possible use Willie could be put to would be as a subject for the dissecting table.—*Max Adler.*

IMPORTANT TO FLOCK-MASTERS!!

COOPER'S SHEEP DIPPING POWDER IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

It dissolves in Cold Water, and should be used in preference to any other Dip
FOR TICKS, LICE, SCAB,
AND FOR ALL OTHER SHEEP-DIPPING PURPOSES.

This Dip has been in use upwards of 30 years, and has never been equalled by any other; it is of uniform strength, requires no boiling or hot water, does not stain the wool, and is equally good as a Summer and Winter Dip. It is especially recommended as a certain cure for Scab, and is thoroughly adapted to all the requirements of Colonial Sheep-owners.

Testimonial from JAMES ALEXANDER, Esq., WANGANUI, New Zealand.
To Mr W. COOPER, M.R.O.V.P.
"Four years ago a merchant in Wanganui, New Zealand, had eight cases of your Sheep Dipping Powder, which he asked me to buy. Not having used it before, I hesitated to try it on a large scale, so I took a few packets, and dissolved them according to your directions, and filled my Dipping Bath, which is about 6 ft deep. I then selected some old ewes for the experiment, caring but little whether I killed them or not. I made them jump into the bath, and those that did not go over the head in the liquid were pushed under by a man with a stick. I allowed them to remain in the dip about the time you prescribe, and then let them walk out, which, by the construction of our bath, they were enabled to do. They stood on the dripping board until dry, and were then turned out to grass, and not one of them was injured in the least. This experiment proved to me that your Dipping Powder could be used with safety on a large scale, so I purchased the eight cases of Powder, already referred to, and dipped my whole flock, numbering 10,000 sheep, in the same way, and did not lose one. I dipped for Lice, which had been very bad in my flock for years; and I have now got entirely clear of them through the use of your Powder. I still dip every year, as I think your preparation fosters the growth of Wool. I have not seen your Dip tried for Scab, but have been told by my neighbors that it is as good for Scab as it is for Lice.
"After the effectual cure of my flock, the demand for your Powder became great, and orders were sent to Melbourne and other places where it could be got, and the merchant before spoken of got shipments from England, as you must be quite aware.
"I have dipped over 50,000 sheep with it, and never lost but one, and that one was seen licking its it just after it left the bath. I have no difficulty in dipping 1000 to 1200 in the day of eight hours with three men. I consider that with ordinary care your Dipping Powder is as safe on a large scale in the Colonies as it is with the small flocks in England. The chief point to mind is that the sheep are quite dry before they are turned out to grass."

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT With a "New York" Label.

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We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

THE above is read with great interest by thousands of young men. It inspires them with HOPE; for, in the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail. Alas! say many, this is correct—is true with regard to the youth who has never abused his strength and to the man who has not been "passion's slave."

But to that youth, to that man—who has wasted his vigor, who has yielded himself up to the temporary sweet allurements of vice, who has given unbridled license to his passions—to him the above lines are but as a reproach. What HOPE can he have? What aspirations? What chance of leaving his footprints on the sands of time? For him, alas! there is nought but dark despair and self-reproach for a lost life.

For a man to leave his footprints on the sands of time he must be endowed with a strong brain and nervous power. He must possess a sound, vigorous, healthy mind in a healthy body—the power to conceive, the energy to execute! But look at our Australian youth! See the emaciated form, the vacant look, the listless hesitating manner, the nervous distrust, the senseless, almost idiotic expression. Note his demeanour and conversation, and then say, Is that a man to leave his footprints on the sands of time?

Do parents, medical men and educators of youth pay sufficient attention to this subject? Do they ever ascertain the cause of this decay; and having done so, do they (as a strict sense of duty demands) seek the skilled advice of the medical man, who has made this branch of his profession his particular speciality, whose life has been devoted to the treatment of these cases? Reader, what is your answer? Let each one answer for himself. Parents see their progeny fading gradually before their sight; see them become emaciated old young men, broken down in health, enfeebled, unfitted for the battle of life. Yet one word might save them, one sound and vigorous health-giving letter from a medical man, habituated to the treatment and continuous supervision of such cases, would, in most instances, succeed in warding off the impending doom of a miserable and gloomy future, and, by appropriate treatment, restore the enervated system to its natural vigor, and ensure a joyous and happy life.

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Cromwell, Otago, New Zealand:
Printed and published every Tuesday evening by the Proprietor, STEPHEN N. BROWN, at the ARGUS Office, Melmore Terrace.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1880.

SUPPLEMENT TO The Cromwell Argus.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY STEPHEN N. BROWN, CROMWELL, OTAGO.

TALMUDIAN EXCERPTS.

By E. A. SAMSON.

[WRITTEN FOR THIS SUPPLEMENT.]

The laws, traditions and ordinances of the Jews, extraneous to those contained in the Pentateuch, in the course of many hundred years, attained to such immense proportions that many efforts were made to preserve them in other than their scattered and unwritten form, before Rabbi Judah, the learned Talmudist, successfully achieved his Herculean labour of love of compiling them and reducing them to order.

The history of these attempts to codify and embody them all in a compendious form is thus sketched in the writings of Maimonides:—

During the last forty years of the life of Moses, the Lord gave to him six hundred and thirteen precepts, including the Decalogue, with full explanation of their meaning and intent, so that he might be able to properly instruct the people. The manner in which Moses imparted these precepts to the chosen is to be found recorded in the treatise entitled "Erubim."

First, he called his brother Aaron into his tent and spoke to him alone, all the words which the Lord had commanded. The sons of Aaron were then admitted, and the same words repeated to them. The seventy elders of the people were then called before Moses, and from his lips received the commandments and ordinances of the Eternal. Then any of the people who so desired were allowed to enter the tent, and to them Moses spoke again the same words.

Thus Aaron heard these precepts four times, his sons thrice, the elders twice, and the people once from the lips of Moses.

After this first course of instruction, the prophet retired and Aaron repeated the precepts; afterwards his sons spoke the words which they had heard. The elders reiterated them, and thus were the commands that had been delivered to Moses impressed upon the minds of the people, who were authorised in turn to teach one another.

The six hundred and thirteen precepts themselves were written on rolls of parchments, while the explanations became the basis of the oral law; and these oral or traditional laws became the foundation of the Talmud.

These precepts were all delivered by the Almighty, so say the Talmudists, to Moses in the space of forty years, the last of them having been given, according to our chronology, 1272 B.C., or according to Jewish chronology, A.M. 2488.

The particulars connected with the death of Moses are thus recorded in the pages of the Mishna.

RABBINICAL ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MOSES.

And it came to pass in the fortieth year, in the eleventh month, on the first day of the month, that Moses called all the people together and said unto them:

"My last days on earth are drawing nigh.

"If there be any among you who have forgotten the precepts of the Lord, which I have taught to you, speak now, and I will repeat them;

"Or if there be any one among you to whom the law is not clear, and who desires an explanation of any point, behold I am here to answer his question."

Thus on the first day of Shebat (February) Moses began to repeat and explain the law and the traditions, as it is written: "On this side of the Jordan, in the land of Moab, saying," &c., (compare Deuteronomy chap. i. v. 5.)

On the seventh day of Adar (March) A.M. 2488, he concluded this labour. He himself wrote thirteen copies of the Pentateuch upon parchment. He gave of these copies one into the keeping of each of the tribes, and the thirteenth he placed in the hands of the Levites, saying:

"Take this book of the law, and put it at the side of the ark."

At noon on this self-same day the Lord said to Moses: "Go up to the Mount Nebo."

The earthly pilgrimage of the great prophet-lawgiver and captain was completed. The rest of Heaven and the smile of God was his for evermore. Upon his friend and servant Joshua devolved the duty of teaching the people and leading them into the Land of Promise.

RABBINICAL ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

Noah was a righteous man in his generation,

and the Lord chose Noah's seed, to be spread over the whole earth.

And the Lord said unto Noah:

"Take to thyself a wife, and beget children, for I have seen thee to be a righteous man before me; only thyself, thy wife, and thy sons, shall live on the earth of all this generation."

And Noah did as God commanded him, and he took to wife Naamah, the daughter of Enoch;

And Noah was four hundred and ninety-eight years old when he married Naamah.

And Naamah conceived and bare a son, whom she called him Japheth, saying, "God has enlarged us through the land."

And Naamah bare a second son, and she called him Ham.

And again she gave birth to a third son, and called him Shem, saying, "God has given me a great name on earth."

And Noah was five hundred and two years old when she bare him his third son Shem.

And the lads grew up and walked in the way of God, as they were taught by Noah and Methusaleh.

And in those days died Lamech, the father of Noah.

Now Lamech was not as righteous as his father Methusaleh, nor as righteous as his son Noah.

And the Lord spake unto Methusaleh and to Noah, saying:

"Once more call mankind to repentance; call on them once again, ere my punishment is visited upon the people."

But the people would not listen, and the words of warning spoken to them by Noah were unheeded.

Then the Lord said unto Noah:

"Behold the end of all flesh cometh before me, and is at hand, because of the evil that men do.

"I will destroy the people with the earth.

"But thou, take for thyself gopher wood, and build for thee an ark."

"In this manner must thou build it:

"Three hundred cubits in length, fifty cubits in breadth, and thirty cubits in height;

"Make thou also a door to its side, and to a cubit finish it above."

In the five hundred and ninety-fifth year of his age Noah commenced building the ark.

And he completed it in his six hundredth year.

While the ark was a-building his three sons married the three daughters of Methusaleh.

And it came to pass, also, during this time, that Methusaleh, the son of Enoch, died at the age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

After his death the Lord spake to Noah, saying:

"Go then with all thy household into the ark, and behold, I will gather to thee all the beasts and the fowls, and they will surround the ark.

"Then place thyself in the doorway of the ark, and the beasts and the fowls will place themselves opposite to thee.

"Those that lie down before thee let thy sons lead into the ark, and those that remain standing thou shalt abandon."

As the Lord had spoken so happened it.

And at the end of seven days the thunder and lightning frightened all the earth.

And the glory of the sun was darkened, the heavy rain fell, and the fury of the storm exceeded all that man had imagined.

And the people came to the ark and clung to it, and cried to Noah for help, but he answered them:

"For a hundred and twenty years I entreated ye to hearken to my words, and ye would not; alas! it is now too late."

For forty days and forty nights the rain fell and beat upon the ark with such violence that those within it were in trouble and agony of mind;

Because they feared that their vessel would not be able to withstand the might of the storm.

Each animal in the ark, according to its nature, uttered its cry of fear, or of rage, or of helplessness, and the noise within was loud and terrible.

Then Noah, lifting up his voice, prayed to the Lord:

"Oh Lord, I beseech Thee, save us now! Without strength to face this calamity we come to Thee. The rivers of water terrify us, and death plays in waves about us. Lift up Thy countenance upon us, oh Lord! Be thou gracious unto us. Redeem us, oh Lord! deliver us and save us."

And the Lord heard the voice of Noah, and remembered him.

So the Lord caused a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters were assuaged.

And the ark rested in the seventh month upon the mountain of Ararat.

Then Noah opened the window of the ark, and, calling to the Lord, said:

"Oh Lord, God of heaven and earth, release our souls from confinement, bring us out from the prison in which we live. Verily our hearts are weary with sighing."

And the Lord listened to the prayer of Noah, and said:

"At the close of the year, thou and thy family may go forth out of the ark."

And it came to pass in the second month, on the seven-and-twentieth day of the month, the earth was perfectly dry.

And the Lord called to them, and said:

"Get thee out of the ark, thou and thy family."

All the people and living things then went forth from the ark. They departed from the vessel in which their lives had been preserved.

And Noah and his children served the Lord all the days of their lives, and God blessed them. And the people increased rapidly after the flood. Are not the names of the generations written in the Bible?

(To be continued.)

CHARLES MATHEWS.

By the death of this eminent comedian the English stage has lost its gayest and airiest spirit. Charles James Mathews, whose peculiar brilliance and vivacity distinguished him among his comrades, doubtless inherited those rare qualities from his father, the inventor and actor of the celebrated monologue entitled "Mathews at Home," the friend and companion of Alvanley, Hook, Hood, and other joyous spirits, whose charm consisted rather in the manner than the matter of their jokes, and who possessed the now almost extinct faculty of not only enjoying themselves, but communicating their sense of enjoyment to others.

The younger Mathews was born at Liverpool on the 26th December, 1803—a date concerning which as many bets have been made as on the famous misquotation from "Hudibras." With the free-and-easy manner common to those accustomed to back their own opinion by a wager, the bettors frequently wrote to Mr. Mathews to decide between them, and invariably received the curt but courteous reply, "Truly yours, Charles Mathews, born"—as above. The elder Mathews, having himself been educated at Merchant Taylors' School, naturally sought the aid of Sir John Silvester, the Recorder of the City of London, to secure a like advantage for his son.

Intended for the Church, the boy was received into the family of the Rev. Mr. Cherry, the head master of Merchant Taylors'; but being of delicate constitution, and not able to bear close confinement, his father was compelled to remove him soon after he had gained the fifth form, and then placed him under the care of Dr. Richardson, of the Clapham road, who numbered among his pupils the sons of Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, and Liston. Having made great progress with his studies, he would next, according to the programme laid down by his father, have gone to one of the Universities to complete his education for the Church, had he not himself determined to become an architect. Much disheartened, his father nevertheless yielded to his wishes, and articulated him to Pugin. At a later date he pursued his studies in the office of Nash.

In 1828, young Mathews, who had previously figured in amateur theatricals, made his appearance at a private performance at the English Opera-house (on the site of the present Lyceum Theatre) in the character of Dorival, in the French vaudeville of "Les Comédiens d'Entame"—which he afterwards adapted for the English stage under the title of "He would be an Actor." As the son of one of the most celebrated men of the day, he attracted a brilliant audience, and the interest felt in his appearance was fully justified by the result, his imitation of Perlet being so good that he at once received an offer of engagement from the management of the French Theatre in London.

Having lost all hope of seeing his son a clergyman, the elder Mathews encouraged him to adopt the stage as a profes-

sion; but the young architect was full of enthusiasm, and clung tenaciously to his favourite art. Lord Blessington invited him to accompany him to Naples, in order that he might pursue his architectural studies in Italy. This offer was gladly accepted, and Mr. Mathews remained with the Blessingtons and Count d'Orsay for about two years at the Palazzo Belvedere.

It was during this period that the quarrel between d'Orsay and Mathews occurred. Count Alfred d'Orsay—Byron's *cupidon dechainé*—was just then in the prime of early manhood, clever, accomplished, physically beautiful and strong, and not altogether devoid of that insolence which frequently accompanies a superabundance of natural gifts. He had remarked to Lord Blessington that on an excursion to Capri, Mathews had taken plenty of sketch-books with him but made few drawings, adding also that it was a pity he did not cultivate more sedulously his talent in that direction. This observation being heedlessly repeated to the subject of it, he naturally told Count d'Orsay that he should have made it to him and not to his friends. This remonstrance provoked an outbreak of the most ruffianly character, and a threat of downright personal violence from d'Orsay, whereupon Mr. Mathews asked Mr. R. R. Madden to carry a message from him to the Count. From that moment d'Orsay behaved well in every way. He at once accepted the challenge, and as the difference in rank between him and the challenger had been alluded to, he waived it at once, with the characteristic remark that he would be the last person to claim the privilege of rank, so often compromised by so many fools. Mischief was prevented by the interference of Lord Blessington, and d'Orsay apologised in the handsomest and kindest manner. During his residence in Italy, Mr. Mathews made a large number of sketches, many of which are now in his pretty house in the Belgrave road, and developed an extraordinary talent for mimicry, even to the extent of picking up local dialects of Italian.

In 1825, Mr. Mathews returned to England, and it was while in the exercise of his profession in Wales that he wrote the ballad of "Jenny Jones," which achieved extraordinary popularity, and he afterwards assisted his father in the composition of his "At Home," many of the brightest points in which were thought out by him while he was sitting late at the supper-table with his father and his friends, John Murray, Cartwright, and Savory. Being a very moderate eater and drinker, he found these convivialities very wearisome, and by practice acquired the habit of entirely abstracting himself from the scene. Mr. Mathews attached very great value to this faculty of abstraction, to which, in conjunction with the knack of going to sleep at a moment's notice, he attributed his perpetual cheerfulness. A ten minutes' nap was to him "like turning over a fresh page." Difficulties vanished and life dawned anew for this, the most hopeful of men. In troubled times he exercised his faculty of abstraction to the full; and while a temporary inmate of Lancaster Gaol, busied himself in making the sketch of the interior of that gaunt building which now hangs in the snuggerly at the top of his house.

In 1827 Mr. Mathews left England for Italy on a professional tour, accompanied by Mr. James d'Egville. At Florence the two friends visited Lord Normanby, who was giving private theatricals. At Lord Normanby's request Mr. Mathews joined the company of amateurs, and played a large number of characters, ranging from Dogberry and Falstaff to Sir Benjamin Backbite, and in the meantime built a theatre for Lord Normanby and painted a drop scene for it.

In 1832 he obtained the appointment of district surveyor of Bow and Bethnal Green, and having already written several pieces for the stage, produced at the Haymarket Theatre in that year, "The Wolf and the Lamb," and "The Court Jester," and in 1833 "My Wife's Mother."

In 1835, however, the death of his father brought him a share of the managerial throne of the Adelphi Theatre. The joint rule of Yates and Mathews the younger did not prove successful, although the former was a consummate "all-round" actor, and the latter could "as an architect build theatres, as an artist paint the scenery, as an author write the pieces, and as an actor perform

them." Abandoning the Adelphi management, Mr. Mathews made his first appearance on a regular stage at the Olympic on the 7th December, 1835, as George Rattleton, in the "Hump-backed Lover," written by himself, and in a drama by Mr. Leman Rede, called the "Old and Young Stager." His successes as an actor was complete.

In 1838 Mr. Mathews married the celebrated Madame Vestris, and, after a trip to America, opened Covent Garden. During his tenure of management he produced Mr. Boucicault's so-called "actor's play," "London Assurance," and many important revivals. In 1847 he again ascended that "managerial throne" which proved so unlucky to him, this time at the Lyceum, and there produced, by the help of Mr. Planche and Mr. William Beverly, those delightful extravaganzas, "The Golden Branch," "The King of the Peacocks," "King Charming," etc. In 1855—two years before the death of his wife—he retired from theatrical management "for ever," and confined his work entirely to acting.

In 1858 he made another trip to America, and married his second wife, Mrs. Davenport; and has since then been so familiar with the public that a recapitulation of his successful impersonations would be rather wearisome than interesting. At Paris, in 1863, he reversed the natural order of things by appearing at the Variétés in a French translation, executed by himself, of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Cool as a Cucumber." Since then he and Mrs. Mathews have played in Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, and New York. During the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, Mr. Mathews played for a month at Calcutta.

THE TIGERS OF OLD BOMBAY.

Mr. J. S. Buckingham, in his autobiography, gives his experiences of Bombay early in the century as follows:—

"Among the personal adventures which happened to me in Bombay, two or three may be selected from a multitude to be given here. On one occasion I went to dine and pass the evening with Captain Dickinson, of the Bombay Engineers, in Salsette. After dinner the company retired to the drawing-room for music; and whether the sweet sound of the voices or instruments combined, or the glare of light from the doors and windows, all of which opened for air in the usual Indian fashion, or whether the scent of so much flesh and blood congregated in a small space, formed the chief attraction, we could not, of course, decide; but just as some of the party had commenced a vocal quartette, the Ayah or Indian nurse came running in with the greatest affright, dragging a little child after her, exclaiming, 'A tiger on the steps! a tiger on the steps!' On rushing to the outer door, two immense tigers were seen stealthily creeping up the flight of steps with noiseless feet and crouching bodies; and we were only just in time to slam the glass door in the very face of one, who, in a moment more of time, would have had some victim in his jaws. A still narrower escape for myself individually happened on another occasion not long after this. I had gone to dine in Salsette with Colonel Hunt, the Governor of the Port of Tannah, about seven or eight miles from Bombay; and as I had an appointment at home in the morning, and the night was remarkably fine, with a brilliant moonlight, I declined the hospitable invitation of my host and hostess to remain with them during the night; and ordering my palanquin to be ready at ten o'clock, I left Tannah at that hour for Bombay. Great portion of the way was over a level plain of some extent; and while we were in the midst of this, the bearers, of whom there were eight—four to carry and four for a relay, with two Mussauljees or canteen-bearers, who carry their lights in the moonlight as well as in the dark, as a matter of etiquette, which it is thought disrespectful to omit; in short, the whole party of ten in an instant disappeared, scattering themselves in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was perfectly astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance was in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savoury morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex

to carry off the rain. (By a pole projecting from the centre of each end the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress, on an open cane-bottom like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving the palanquin is through a square opening on each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door. This is usually composed of Venetian-blinds, to allow light and air, in a wooden frame, and may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labour of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much. All I could do, therefore, was in the shortest possible space of time to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that a you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close along side, and his smelling and snorting was horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with its cane bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odour of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paws as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment, and slinked off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter of an hour before I had courage to open one of the side-doors and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved. The next course to be considered was, whether I should get out and walk to Bombay, a distance of four miles, now near midnight, or whether I should again close my doors and remain where I was. I deemed this the safest plan, and remained accordingly; when, about half an hour beyond midnight, all my bearers returned, with several peons or foot soldiers, and muskets, pistols, lances and sabres, enough to capture and kill a dozen tigers, but these were too late to be of any use. They made many apologies for leaving me, but said that as one of them would have been certain of being seized by the tiger if they remained, and no one could say which, they thought it best that all should try at least to escape; and I readily forgave them; after which they bore me home with more than usual alacrity, and I enjoyed my repose all the more sweetly for the danger I had escaped.

Scientific Notes.

UTILISATION OF NATURAL FORCES.

Nature says:—"Our readers may remember that Dr. Siemens, some months ago, in an address which he then gave, referred to the immense quantity of power which flowed ready-made over the Falls of Niagara. In his Glasgow address he again referred to the subject, in order to show how this gigantic source of power might be utilised to produce action at a distance. 'When,' he says, 'little more than a twelvemonth ago, I visited the great Falls of Niagara, I was particularly struck with the extraordinary amount of force which is lost, as far as the useful purposes of man are concerned. One hundred millions of tons of water for every three hours, from a vertical height of 150ft., which represent an aggregate of 16,800,000 horses, producing as their effect no other result than to raise the temperature of the water at the foot of the fall

$$\frac{150}{772} = \frac{1}{5}$$

In order to reproduce the power of 16,800,000 horses, or, in other words, to pump back the water from below to above the fall, would require an annual

expenditure of not less than 266,000,000 tons of coal, calculated at an average consumption of 4lb. of coal per horsepower per hour, which amount is equivalent to the total coal consumption of the world. In stating these facts in my inaugural address on assuming the presidency of the Iron and Steel Institute, I ventured to express the opinion, that in order to utilise natural forces of this description at distant towns and centres of industry, the electric conductor might be resorted to. This view was at that time unsupported by experimental data such as I have been able since then to collect.' Dr. Siemens then shows what has been done in conveying the electric light to a distance; and he points out that 'if mechanical force is required to be distributed, the arrangements are in every respect similar to those for the distribution of electric light; and it has been proved experimentally that the amount of power recovered at the distant station is nearly equal to half the power employed at the central station.' Even as regards the consumption of coal, were that article used, Dr. Siemens shows that the magneto-electric machine is cheaper than the gas or steam-engine. But he rightly says:—"It would not be necessary to seek on the other side of the Atlantic for an application of this mode of transmitting the natural force of falling water, as there is, perhaps, no country where this force abounds to a greater extent than on the west coast of Scotland, with its elevated lands and heavy rainfalls. You have already conducted the water of one of your high-level lochs to Glasgow by means of a gigantic tube; and how much easier would it be to pass the water, in its descent from elevated lands, through turbines, and to transmit the vast amount of force that might thus be collected, by means of stout metallic conductors, to towns and villages for the supply of light and mechanical power?"

The Household.

NOTES ON DIET.

(A Lecture delivered for the Australian Health Society, at the Melbourne Town Hall, by Sydney Gibbons, F.C.S., F.R.M.S., &c.)

(Continued.)

It is now time to explain that all food may be classed in one of two groups, flesh-forming and heat-giving.

1. Heat-giving foods are the most simple in their composition, and contain the fewest substances, the essential of which are carbon and the elements of water.

These are the fuel which is burnt in the lungs by the help of the air we breathe, for the purpose of keeping up the animal heat. Although devoid of the usual appearances of combustion, the operation is precisely the same. The heat-giving foods are also fat-forming, and are often so called. When a greater quantity of fuel is supplied than is needed to keep up the proper heat and to burn off the waste, some of it, supposing the excess to be digested and take into the system, which is not always the case, is stored up in the form of fat for future use. Warmth, then, by reducing the need (or rather expenditure) of heat, is a promoter of fat-forming. The man who, after a hearty meal, doses before a fire, soon becomes plump; but he who, taking abundant exercise, lives much in the air and does not coddle, may even be spare, though a hearty feeder. These foods are best exemplified by, first, fat itself, the material ready made, and only needing some changes of form to fit it either for fuel or store fat; and, secondly, starch and sugar, which are the simple forms of fuel, convertible into fat. These foods contribute nothing to the strength of the body, nor to the formation of any essential part of its necessary frame, which can be supported without the special use of either of them. Hence they may be said not to contain nourishment, though in moderate quantity they are useful as assistants to the other foods, and also as vehicles for necessary alimentary substances either added to or naturally associated with them. Vegetables and fruits which contain various salts, acids, etc., are examples of the latter, and the dressing of maizena and rice with eggs, milk, and fruit, illustrate the former group. Nobody can be healthy and strong on a purely vegetable diet—that is, on such aliments as are only obtainable from plants, as starch, woody fibre, and the like; and there are few plants that contain enough flesh-making material to sustain life.

Nations whose staple diet consists of such substances are either puny and weak, or add from other sources the deficient constituents. Livers on potato and meal add milk and fish, but the rice-eating Hindoo has, by his weakness and indolence, excited a vulgar prejudice against the rice, while the real cause is his abstinence from really nourishing food. The nourishment in a potato is next to nothing, but even that nothing is useful in its way, and the starch and

cellulose give wonderful help to the enjoyment, as well as mechanical aid to the digestion, of good meat and gravy, on which we could live, though less agreeably, without it.

Cellulose and other inert matter in moderate proportions aid digestion by diluting the food and exposing its particles to the solvent juices, and also by promoting that peculiar movement of the intestines by which the food is kept in continual agitation and gradually impelled forward. So that, although I insist on the selection of pure, wholesome, and suitable foods, I by no means advocate the use of concentrated forms. Indeed, they would be highly objectionable. Such rubbish as the pretended meat extracts, for example, are absolutely objectionable, and often very injurious. Moreover, the meat extracts carry a falsehood on the face of them. They do not contain the essence of the quantity of meat from which they are made, but only a minute portion, and that not the most valuable.

2. Flesh-forming foods are they which contain all the materials for the formation of the animal frame—flesh, bone, nerve, etc. They are more complex than those last described, and include the rarer, but not less necessary, mineral substances, as lime and phosphorus, required for the bones, and phosphorus in another form so essential to the brain, as to have given rise to the German proverb, "Without phosphorus, no thought."

Fish, which is a highly nutritive and easily-digested variety of flesh-food, has the special merit of containing a large portion of phosphorus, an element always to be sought for. We all know the extreme restlessness of fish, and phosphorus, by contributing nerve-power, confers activity of body as well as of brain; hence we generally find more of it in active than in sluggish animals.

The best examples of flesh-forming foods are ordinary animal food—flesh, and the other matters usually belonging to it—albumen, gelatine, fat, etc., the first of which is sometimes regarded as the type of the group, because it is one of the states through which the flesh (muscle) itself has to pass in the course of its formation, and in the principal form of the raw material. The white of an egg is nearly pure albumen and water, and the yolk is albumen, fat, and sulphur. Egg, then, is a complete food, and that it is so is evidenced by the growth of the young chicken, bones, feathers, and all. But there are in the vegetable kingdom some substances so similar to these as to be capable of replacing any of them in a mixture, or even of supplying the place of the whole group on emergency. These are found in certain seeds, chiefly of cereal grasses and of leguminous (pea) plants. The cereal grasses (corns) contain, besides starch, gluten—a substance similar to albumen and gelatine, and capable of playing their part in the formation of flesh, as well as of making by its changes the starch more digestible. These vary in proportion in the different grains. Wheat is the best fitted to supply the place of animal food; in fact, it is the only food that can be relied on to do so. But this observation is limited to the whole meal, such as is, or ought to be used for brown bread. For the outside of the grain, which is separated in the bran and pollard, contains the greater part of the really nutritive matter—the meat substitutes—and the sifting of white flour is merely throwing away the chief nourishment of the wheat. Besides the gluten so lost, with it go the principles placed with it by nature to effect the solution of the whole, so that the white flour, in addition to being impoverished, is also rendered less digestible. Nor is this the only loss. In the outer portion of the grain is lodged the greater portion of the earthy phosphates so necessary to nutrition.

For bread to be digestible it should be well baked, and made with less water than is usual. The damp, clammy stuff too often sold, because it pays the baker better to sell water than flour, is very indigestible, and more provocative of derangement than of health. Maize-meal, not maizena, is another excellent food, and if eaten as a porridge with milk leaves little to be desired. Of oat-meal little need be said here, except that, though a capital food in its way, there is not enough meat in it to dispense with farther addition. The other seeds referred to, peas and beans, contain, besides the other constituents, much of what is called casein, from its resemblance to the curd of milk, and on this account they may be classed with the flesh-making foods.

It is to be observed that while the heat foods—fats, starch, etc.—yield nothing worth noting of matter useful in building up the body, those which are best suited to this end have always enough fuel with them to render them independent of special addition. Thus, if potatoes and rice become extinct, there would be no diminution of the real body-making nourishment in the world, while

there would be quite enough fuel left to work up that nourishment.

Flesh, then, makes flesh, and is the only aliment that will do it with the same ease and completeness, besides which it is capable of supplying other wants, while the other flesh-forming foods produce the effect by a more circuitous process, and the mere heat-givers—starch, sugar, and fruits—cannot do it at all.

Cheese, an important article of diet, has not yet been mentioned. It is a concentrated flesh food, somewhat slow of digestion, but a promoter of digestion notwithstanding, in virtue of the property which it possesses of setting up a sort of fermentation. But this property belongs to old and mature cheese, and is most active in that which is decayed and mouldy. The crude new cheeses that form the bulk of our supply have no value as digesters. Besides being a relish, it is a strong food, containing, as it does, the more important parts of milk, which has been shown to be a model food. Like some other things, whose chief use in popular notion is to help bread down, it not only provides what the bread wants, but promotes the assimilation of the bread itself.

Tales, Sketches, &c.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

Doctor Barton was a "medico" of the Old School. He was a general practitioner, a licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Like most of his brother practitioners of the period, he had in the early part of his career energetically and perseveringly acted upon the monstrously irrational theories and doctrines then blindly held by the profession, and had accordingly bled, blistered, drugged, and starved his unhappy patients after the most approved fashion of the day. Indeed, the churchyard of Barnum, the small hamlet in which he had been practising now close upon half a century, bore numerous monuments of his skill and prowess. Happily he had never been called upon in those green days of his to act as a medical expert in cases of suspicious death, so his record stood clear at least of medico-legal slayings.

Age and experience had ripened him in the course of years. He had dropped the lancet, and reduced leeching, cupping, and blistering to within very moderate limits in his practice. He had also learnt to trust, even in the most dangerous and threatening affections, to the marvellous resources and effects of the *vis medicatrix nature*, and to appreciate the efficacy of bread-pills and liquorice-juice. So, for something like the last twenty years, he had gradually matured and mellowed into a most excellent successful physician. A good surgeon he had always been, with a preponderating leaning to plastic and preservative instead of destructive surgery. For many miles round there was not a bone-setter who could hold a candle to him. But his strongest professional point was midwifery, as he perhaps instinctively felt impelled to make up somehow for the fatal mistakes of his early career. There was scarcely a junior member of the Barnum community whom he had not "assisted" into the world.

Doctor Barton had a fierce passion for freaks of Nature. Whenever he heard of a monstrosity ushered into existence within a hundred miles round Barnum, he would spare no trouble or expense to bring the interesting subject within the focus of his most searching investigation; and if the unhappy creature happened to be stillborn or to die soon after birth, he would spend any amount of money to get it into a bottle and place it in his collection. His consumption of spirit for this purpose was something positively astounding.

Doctor Barton was a bachelor. His only sister had died some twenty years back, leaving an orphan son of about ten to her brother's tender care. To this boy, Frederick Graham, the uncle had been a second father. He had him educated for the medical profession, of which the young man soon promised to become a bright ornament.

After studying at Guy's and subsequently in the Paris Hotel Dieu and the Berlin Charite, young Graham had brilliantly gained his doctor's degree, and passed both colleges, Surgeons' and Physicians'.

Dr. Graham had then returned to his uncle at Barnum, where he had now for some five years acted as the old man's assistant and deputy; he also remained still unmarried.

Besides high professional acquirements, the young doctor owned a rare artistic accomplishment. He was a most expert modeller in wax. This his uncle was turning to excellent account, by getting him to make facsimiles of all the monstrosities in his cabinet, which he would forward to medical societies and journals with accompanying descriptive, reflective, and speculative memoirs.

Dr. Barton was rather given to good cheer. He was indeed a finished gourmet; so in the choice of a housekeeper he had been guided chiefly, if not exclusively, by culinary considerations.

Mrs. Tittle, the lady in question, was altogether innocent of Sir William Curtis' famous three R's, and murdered her Majesty's English most mercilessly; but she was an accomplished *cordon bleu*, who might have fitted presided over the kitchen of the most epicurean French or Italian prelate. A good woman in the main, she was perhaps given a little overmuch to gossip, and had an occasionally inconvenient foible for gossip.

The old doctor was universally beloved and respected, and he on his part knew and liked everybody in Barnum and twenty miles round. He had his special favourites, too. There was Tom Heel, for instance, the boot-maker of the hamlet, and his young wife, to both of whom the old man was very partial. Heel's father had been a schoolfellow of the doctor's in early youth, and Mrs. Heel was the grand-daughter of the doctor's nurse.

He lived and carried on his trade in a freehold cottage in High street. They were a primitive people there, who had no fear of robbers, and would often leave the house-door on a mere string-latch.

Heel kept two apprentices, Joe and Charlie, both about sixteen—the former rather dull and heavy; the latter a sprightly lad, with a large spice of the devil in him and full of mischief.

The hamlet of Barnum was in the proud possession of a most respectable vicarage, and in the happy enjoyment of a resident vicar. The latter, the Rev. Theophilus Trotter, D.D., was a childless widower of some sixty winters. He was essentially a country parson of the comfortable old class, with a slight leaning, perhaps, to Low Church principles; yet withal he entertained a very high notion of the exalted sublimity of his sacred office, and he would never brook the least infringement on his sacerdotal dignity.

The living of Barnum was one of the fattest morsels in the rich dish of Church preferments in England; besides which the vicar had a nice little estate of his own, and some forty thousand pounds safely invested in mortgages. He could, therefore, well afford to live in superior style. Sharing to the full Dr. Barton's gastronomic propensities, he also had looked to proficiency in cookery as the chief qualification in his housekeeper; but, unlike Dr. Barton, he had secured for the place a well-educated lady.

Mrs. Tittle, the vicar's housekeeper, was the portionless daughter of a once wealthy London merchant, who had died of a broken heart over his failure in business, and the dowress widow of a barrister who had lived and died briefless. So the poor woman had come down in the world and had had to accommodate herself to her altered circumstances. However, as she ruled supreme at the vicarage, and Dr. Trotter treated her always with the most punctilious politeness, she found this no very difficult task. To the servants under her sway she was kind and indulgent, and to Mrs. Tittle, who assiduously cultivated her friendship, and whose weakness for gossip and drops she shared to some extent, she was affable and condescending, albeit a little too high falutin in sentiment and high-flown in language for that estimable lady's taste and appreciation.

For Mrs. Heel, who was a well-educated woman of pleasant disposition and agreeable manners, Mrs. Tittle had conceived a strong affection, particularly since the bootmaker's wife had lost her first child immediately after its birth, some six weeks only before the little episode which we are going to narrate.

The worthy bootmaker would occasionally shake his head disapprovingly at the growing intimacy of his wife with the vicar's housekeeper, as it seemed to him to tend overmuch to the development of the gadding and gossiping propensity in his Eliza. Still he rather liked Mrs. Tittle than otherwise, and would even patiently listen to her recidive lectures on Church matters, in which she was over-apt to indulge.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of June. Tom Heel had been hard at work since five o'clock putting the finishing touches to a pair of new boots for Dr. Barton; when he had completed his task, he went to look after his apprentice Joe, who had not turned up this morning.

He had hardly left when Mrs. Heel was sent for in a hurry to come to her sister, whose husband owned a farm at the other end of Barnum; her valued advice was wanted on an intended purchase of a milch cow. As this was an important matter and no time to be lost, she went at once, calling to Charlie, who was busy polishing the doctor's new boots in the workshop, that she would be back in an hour, and to leave the door on the string latch.

So it came to pass that Charlie had the place all to himself for a while. He soon came forth from the workshop in shirt-sleeves, holding a pair of highly-polished boots admiringly up to the light.

"Ere, they air shined," he cried, with proud exultation; "and purtie booties they looks. Says father to me, ven he 'prenticed me to master, 'Charlie,' says he, 'if it is the coat as makes the man, it is the boots that make the gentleman, and it is the shine as makes the boots. So you allus 'tend proper to the shine, my lad, and you'll do.' Vich I do. Joe, ven he shines boots, he do 'em permissus like. I dees 'em speshul; I takes a hinterest in 'em vich they is wittles to me. Missus she think boys vants no grub in the morning, but I vants my wittles, I'm a growin'. Ven I takes them 'ere boots home, Mrs. Tittle she give me a bit to pick, if I flatter her, a-laying it on thick, and a-tellin' o' stories to her."

Here the hungry boy's hopeful self-compliments were suddenly interrupted, and his bright visions of "bits to pick" in the doctor's kitchen rudely dispelled, by the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Tittle with a huge basket on her arm.

"No, Charlie," said that estimable lady, by way of greeting, "no, them boots is not a-goin' to be taken to the 'ouse—you give 'em to me. I am to leave 'em at the 'apen-cery."

Here was a sad disappointment. But Charlie was not the lad to knock under without a struggle. He set his wits to work.

Rapid in conception, fertile in expedients, and bold and unscrupulous in execution, he inconspicuously devised an ingenious plan of action. He knew that Mrs. Tittle was glibly open to flattery, laid on thick, as he expressed it, and that the wildest tales would go down with her like butter.

He first set about to find out the nature of the contents of the basket, which the good lady had set down that she might rest herself a little.

"Ah, Mrs. Tittle," he cried, looking at her with well-feigned pensive admiration, "if you ain't the most 'dustrious lady I knows on 'allus hup and a-doin' airly and late! Vere 'ave you been this blessed mornin'?"

"At the Heytallian var'ouse, Charlie," replied the housekeeper, much pleased with the compliment paid to her never-relaxing industry, "a gettin' o' sarsengers and 'am, and hanchovises and capers, and sammon and lamperns, and a lot of nice things vich the doctor he say they air hadvertisers to stimulate his stummtick."

So the audacious lad spun a monstrous yarn of Master Heel's avowed high appreciation of Mrs. Tittle's good qualities and personal charms, by means of which gentle romancing he soon succeeded in coaxing out of her a French roll and a slice of German sausage. This, however, was only a whet to his appetite; so he had to bring forward the heavy artillery of his inventive genius.

When he saw the good old lady take up her basket and the boots to start on her way home, he plunged in desperately: "Ah, Mrs. Tittle, I could tell you a tale of the family that would make your flesh creep. But I musn't and I won't."

Mrs. Tittle set down boots and basket. "Votever can you mean, Charlie?" she cried, with eager curiosity.

The crafty lad pretended to glance cautiously around. He even opened the door to look up and down the street, thereby exciting to the highest pitch the poor woman's eagerness to know what it could all be about.

"No, I musn't tell you," he cried, with a resolute shake of his wicked head, "Cos for vy? Master he'd skin me alive, and missus she'd pull my 'air up by the roots, if ever they know'd as I had been a-peachin' on 'em. Oh, my! No, no, no—I ain't a-goin' to tell."

Upon this Mrs. Tittle, who had some experience of Charlie's ways, opened her basket again, to hand a fresh supply of provisions to the hungry lad.

"There," she cried, encouragingly patting Charlie's cheek, "there, 'ave some more sarsenge. The doctor vill never miss it. And then tell us, Charlie: I swear I never let no one von know nothin' about it!"

Charlie masticated and ruminated. "Vel, Mrs. Tittle," he said at last, "I'll trust you, and I only hopes you'll keep it all dark. You remember," he added mysteriously, "as that blessed baby of ourn died 'most ven it were born?"

"Yes, poor sweet hinnercent! Vell, Charlie, vell?"

The wretched boy looked once more cautiously around him, and took another survey of the street: "Do you know, Mrs. Tittle," he asked, still more mysteriously than before, "do you know vy that un'appy hinfant vos made a coorse on?"

Mrs. Tittle had not the slightest notion of coorse.

"Vell," continued Charlie slowly and impressively, "cos it couldn't be kep alive."

This sounded to Mrs. Tittle very much like trying to make fan of her. "Git along vid you, you imperment boy!" she cried angrily. "If you vants to poke your fun at me, I'll soon let you—"

"Fun!" exclaimed Charlie, with an injured air—"fun indeed! It ain't no fun, Mrs. Tittle." Then, dropping his voice to a whisper, "That wretched babby vos a frisk of natur, Doctor Graham he says, and it vere a mussy as it breeze its last ven it breeze its fust. It 'ad—'ad—no, I'm afear'd I shall never be ekal to the tellin' on it."

By this time Mrs. Tittle was wildly excited; she resolutely sacrificed the rest of the doctor's sausage, which had the desired effect at last.

"Vell, Mrs. Tittle," said Charlie, with a desperate plunge, "it 'ad—three noses!"

"Goodness gracious!" shouted Mrs. Tittle; but after a moment's thought she added, suspiciously, "'Ow could that be, Charlie? Didn't I see the sweet hinnercent in its little coffin?"

The boy was taken aback. He had forgotten this little circumstance. He was rapidly revolving in his mind how to get out of this awkward dilemma, when Mrs. Tittle unconsciously came to his aid.

"Vich it did look a vaxen himmidge," she said.

"Of course it did!" shouted the boy, immensely relieved, "of course. It vos a vaxen himmidge you seed in the coffin. It vos Doctor Graham as muddled it."

"Votever can you mean, Charlie?" said Mrs. Tittle, bewildered. "Doctor Graham muddled the baby?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, sturdily, "he muddled it in vax. Vy, you know how clever he is at that."

"Oh, modelled, you mean, Charlie—modelled! Yes, our young doctor is fast-rate at that. 'Aint he jest been a-doin' a grub of his uncle in the middle, and two chaps in blankets a-flankin' o' him on both sides, vich Doctor Graham he says is to show as 'ow his uncle is a doctor, and a potecary and a sarsenge? And it's gone to London, Charlie, to 'ave picters taken of it, and all about Doctor Barton put in the papers; vich it is to be a surprise to him 'is Jew Billy next Monday, ven he 'ave been fifty year a-fisikin' of the people."

"It vos this vaxen himmidge you seed in

the coffin," repeated the boy. "The hinfant vos took away by Doctor Graham im speerts; and master he put the lapstone in the coffin to make it weight like. Oh, it do make my flesh creep a-thinkin' on it. I 'opes, Mrs. Tittle, you'll keep dark, and never toll nuffin to no von. If it vos ever to come out, von't master and missus catch it, and the young doctor? Vy, he would be put in prison for two year at least. And votever would come of me? I should 'ave to go and drown myself; and then my ghost would come a-wistlin' o' you o' nights, and a frightenin' o' you out of your senses, a sayin' in a horful voice, 'Sairy Tittle, sleep no more; you 'ave been my nuddin!'"

The poor woman was frightened.

"Don't, Charlie, don't!" she remonstrated. "Vot a horful thing! No, Charlie, not a word vill ever I breeze to no von."

With this she finally took up boots and basket, and departed.

Shortly after Charlie went out also, to take mended boots and shoes to customers. Now, as an evil chance would have it, Mrs. Tittle had hardly got into High street when she came upon Mrs. Tittle, to whom she, of course, at once proceeded to unfold the awful tale, with some thrilling additions and embellishments, upon the principle illustrated in the story of the three black crows.

Mrs. Tittle was horrified. The sacrilegious impiety of the thing shocked her. She rushed off at once to tell the Rev. Dr. Theophilus Trotter how shamefully he had been imposed upon by that villain Heel, who had basely prevailed upon his Evangelical indulgence to overlook the absence of baptism, and give Christian burial to a waxen image weighted with a cobbler's lapstone!

(To be continued.)

JOSHUA PIPKINS.

"Mother, it is of no use in the world to talk to me. You can never persuade me into bartering myself for any man's gold. I will stay single all my life before I will marry Joshua Pipkins."

"Why won't you listen to reason, Esther? No girl in her senses would refuse Joshua Pipkins, with his handsome farm and fine house. Why, Esther, he owns seventeen horses and twenty-eight milch cows. He was talking to me about them the other night."

"I will never marry a man for the sake of his horses and cattle, mother," I replied. "I think no girl in her senses would marry a man possessing such a hideous cognomen as Joshua Pipkins."

"As if the name mattered a whit!" exclaimed mother, irritably; "it is a Bible name as well as yours."

"I did not have the pleasure of naming myself," I replied, "or you may be sure I would have chosen something much more melodious than Esther."

"It was your dear father's favorite name," said mother, growing tearful, "but I don't see how you can have the heart to sneer at it."

"O, well, my name does well enough, but when you want to combine it with Joshua, and make me into a Mrs. Pipkins, I must really have some voice in the matter."

"You know how hard it is for us to get along, Esther," resumed mother. "Here I am with five children, and poor Harold the only one who can assist me at all. If you were to marry Joshua you could take Sallie with you on the farm. She could help around, and Joshua is so kind-hearted he would never object. Then I could manage Edna and Ruth very well."

"Mother, you will certainly drive me mad if you persist in throwing Joshua at me any more," I cried. "Let me go to my aunt in Milford and learn her trade. Then I will be no burden on you, and soon a help, and above all I will be rid of the sight of Joshua Pipkins."

Mother demurred a while, and said she needed me at home, but at last I had my own way and went to Milford.

I had known Joshua Pipkins ever since he first came to Pikeville seven years before. He was rather short, with a face covered with freckles, and light hair, and eyes of a faded blue. Surely he was no man about whom a romantic young girl could build a romance. Yet for seven years had he been my devoted slave, over whom I had tyrannized without a particle of mercy. The thought of marrying him had never entered into my mind until the present summer, when he had made me an offer of his heart and hand with all his possessions attached. I laughed at him, and he turned as red as a beet and begged me to think it over, and he would call in the course of a week for his answer. I told mother of it when I reached home from the picnic where the important declaration had been made. I expected her to ridicule the idea of my being the wife of Joshua Pipkins, for she had always told me that I was the beauty of the family. Instead of which she set upon me with all sorts of arguments why I should accept this my first offer. But girls of eighteen are not afraid of the first offer they receive being the last by any means, and I stuck to my first decision with the firmness of a Spartan.

Three days after the picnic I was sitting in the arbor, back of our house, crocheting a tidy for the back of our big arm-chair in the parlor. We couldn't afford to get the chair re-covered, and so I had to conceal the dilapidations of time and the children by tidies and cushions. I had near by me on the arbor table a dozen pairs of stockings which I had just finished darning, much to my joy, for if there was anything in the shape of sewing I detested, it was darning stockings. A step on the walk

Miscellany.

"Well, well!" remarked Mr. R. Townsend, of Newport, Ky., when having asked for supper at a Cincinnati hotel, he received no change back out of a one-dollar bill. Then, as if in a dream, he went to the dining-room and consumed two cups of coffee, three plates plain bread, two plates fried mush, one plate corned beef, one plate chicken, one plate cold ham, two plates loin of veal, two plates broiled beef, three plates broiled ham, four plates fresh fish, three plates fried eggs, two plates fried potatoes and one plate of baked potatoes. The clerk figured it out that, at restaurant prices, Mr. R. Townsend was three dollars ahead.

During the eclipse the Pueblo Indians of Taos, N. M., were much agitated. The chieftain of the village came forth in great excitement and declared that some one had committed a great sin and the destruction of the village was imminent; or, at least, the extinction of the sun. Three trusted messengers were therefore sent to the priests to conjure them to keep the eternal fire on the altar burning at its brightest, while all the women of the village were ordered to strip themselves naked and run in pairs round the race-course, where the foot races took place. Thanks to these simple precautions the eclipse soon passed off. The custom of having the women run these races in a nude state is universal with the Pueblos on occasions of this kind. They have a tradition that Montezuma was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards by his daughter, and it is thought probable that the requiring of the females to humiliate themselves as penance for the original crime committed by one of their sex against that dignitary grows out of the tradition.

CRICKET EXTRAORDINARY.—Under this head Messrs. Dean & Son publish a set of cards illustrative of the uses to which the terms used in cricket may be applied. No 1 shows a young lady in full dress, who is "out—first ball." "Mid off" is described by a charming little girl dressed as a middy, and "mid-on" by a middy half seas over, while subjects equally pleasing and applicable are chosen for the rest of the terms. The illustrations are first-class, and the colouring all that can be desired.

Facetiae.

A man may smile and smile and be a willin' to smile again.

Talmage insists that there are holidays in heaven as well as upon earth.

"A Heart Twice Won" is the title of a novel just published. Twice one is too often.

"Lower the Venetians" is the latest for "Pull down the Blind."

Sign for the office of the Warden of the State Prison—"Ironing done here."

Somebody advertises, in a London paper, for a theatrical company "to proceed at once to Cyprus," to open with "Othello."

"Death is death, after all," says the *London World*. That is the bother of it. Now, if it was something else—however, it isn't.

The *New York News* says: "We know a man who is so afraid of epidemics that every time he catches his breath he breaks out in a cold perspiration."

A sympathetic Republican in Pennsylvania has whispered his opinion that Mr. Hayes appears to be such a nice man that it seems a pity he wasn't born a woman.

Dennis calls lawyers the "garroters and thieving bloodsuckers of the community," and then calls for three cheers for one of the shrewdest lawyers in the country.

A chap in Arkansas, in the act of ramming a heavy charge into an old musket, was killed by a premature discharge of the piece. The local papers speak of it as a tragical affair, but the *Yonkers Gazette* thinks it seems to partake more of a mellowed-rammer.

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple in the dish: "I was going to take that."

MAKING LOVE BY PROXY.—The richest heiress now on the engaged list is Miss Crawshaw, the daughter of the Volcan of the Hills, in South Wales. Her dowry is said to be £500,000, and she is about to bestow this, with her heart and hand, upon a briefless barrister on the South Wales circuit. We should be very happy to take her sister upon the same terms, if we felt inclined to marry—for money. These ironmasters' daughters have a very considerable way of selecting poor men for their husbands, for Sir George Elliott's daughter married one of the special correspondents of the *Daily News*, and a few days ago the heiress of Durham colliery bolted with the editor of a north country newspaper. It is said of one of these ladies (perhaps it would be cruel to say which, for the manoeuvre after all was innocent enough) that, meeting with a gentleman on board a steamer engaged in laying a deep sea cable in the Atlantic, they very naturally took to flirting on the quarter-deck. The gentleman made himself agreeable, and being tall and handsome, of course soon ingratiated himself with the ironking's daughter. One day, finding himself alone, he proceeded there and then. "Hush!" said the lady, "papa is asleep on the sofa and might hear you. Let us take a stroll on deck. I am very sorry," said the lady, resuming the conversation on deck, "but of course you did not know when you were talking to me below that I was engaged. But I have a sister at home who is exactly like me; you would not know us apart, and when you return home I will introduce you to her." The introduction followed in due course, and the marriage within six months. The courtship all took place by proxy.

roused me from the delightful meditations in which I was indulging. There was Joshua Pipkins, come for his answer of course. My heart seemed steeled against him, and yet, as I met the kindly glance of his honest, loving blue eyes, I felt sorry for the privilege I owned of giving pain to one who had never given pain to me in any way.

"Your mother told me you were here, Esther," he said. He always called me by my given name, for we had been children together, and he was just twenty-three years old now.

"Did she?" was my reply as I crocheted more industriously than before.

"Yes, so I came out here," and he seated himself on the table where I could see him plainly.

"So I perceive," I replied.

"Always busy, Esther," he said, looking at the little pile of stockings, and then at the tidy. "Do you never get tired of working so hard for your mother and the children?"

"Since I can't be useful I might as well be ornamental," I said, rather sarcastically, "and I have no one else to work for. Perhaps you would prefer seeing me churn and do farm drudgery."

The moment this cruel speech had left my lips I repented having uttered it, but it was too late to take it back. Joshua's face flushed crimson.

"I see what you mean, Esther," he said, "but you are mistaken if you imagine that you would be called upon to perform any drudgery should you make me happy by becoming my wife. I love you too well to let you work for me."

"I have no intention of becoming your wife," I said, in the same cutting tones, "so you needn't trouble yourself to explain the duties which you would devolve upon your wife."

"Then you don't care anything for me, Esther?" he asked with tremor in his voice.

"I like you well enough, Joshua," I said; "but I certainly have no desire to marry you."

"I would try to make you very happy, Esther, and you would be ornamental as well as useful. I am all alone in the world except for the aunt who now manages my house. If you would come there, she could go to her son, who would be only too glad to have her, or she would be willing to stay on at the farm and assist you. And you could bring Sallie, and we would all live together."

"Very nicely planned out," I said, with a sarcastic laugh, "but you've been building a house on sand. I won't marry you, Joshua, so let that end the whole thing."

"Of course that ends it, Esther," he said, rising. "I know I am neither polished or handsome; and you deserve some one better. I don't blame you, and so good-bye."

He left the arbor, and I watched him get into his handsome buggy and drive away.

Four days later I went into my aunt's millinery establishment at Milford. I found it very confining, and much less pleasant in many ways than I had imagined. But I knew I must stay, now I had come, and I couldn't bear the idea of the folks at Pikeville knowing I was dissatisfied.

One day a Miss Carusa came to the store and I was sent to wait upon her. She was the richest lady in Milford, but anything but a beauty. She couldn't have been less than thirty-three years of age, and paint, pomade, and pencil had lent their aid to conceal the ravages made by time and dissipation. Report had it that she was to be married in a few months to a Mr. Charles Haughton, an artist, who was as poor as poverty, but handsome as a young Adonis. Of course people said he was after her money, but be that as it may, they were engaged to be married. Just as she was about to leave the store, a young man came in, whom she addressed as "Charles." He had evidently seen her enter and come in after her. I knew this must be the very Mr. Haughton to whom she was engaged, and I gathered from their conversation, which I could not help overhearing, that he was staying with his uncle, a Mr. Perre, who lived six miles from Milford in a handsome country house. They left the store together. I could not help my thoughts from dwelling on Mr. Haughton as I sat at my work, and he certainly was a most elegant-looking man. I wondered how he could ever have made up his mind to marry Miss Carusa, even if she was worth so much money.

That evening as I was walking out near a pretty little river which ran through the woods near Milford, I was startled by seeing Mr. Haughton sitting on a log smoking. I was about to turn back, when he sprang up and begged me not to do so. He asked me my name, and we stood talking about half an hour when the gathering dusk warned me it was growing late. I hurried to my aunt's as fast as I could go, and was very glad that no one asked me where I had been or commented on my long absence. I was accustomed to going out every evening at six o'clock for exercise, and so my aunt thought nothing of my going alone or staying until dark. She knew that it was only natural that any one who was obliged to sew all day should wish for a breath of fresh air in the evening. But, alas, she did not know that every evening Mr. Haughton smoked a cigar by the side of the river, and that I met him there. Yes, it actually came to that. My only excuse for this imprudent conduct was my youth. I never thought of any evil consequences arising from these meetings, for at eighteen girls are no apt to look much beyond the present. I was completely infatuated by Charles Haughton's handsome face and agreeable manners, and though my conscience troubled me about his being another woman's lover, I could not give up the intoxicating though perilous

pleasure of his society. At first we talked as only friends talk, but at last he grew more tender, and completely won my foolish heart by his protestations of affection. I was entranced with the romantic manner in which we met, and believed most entirely in his vows of love. He said that until he met me he had never known what it was to really love.

He proposed that we should be secretly married, and then let the news come like a thunder clasp to Miss Carusa. This arrangement pleased my romantic soul, and I consented. But my lover told me that the time was not yet fully ripe for our marriage. We must wait until October. So every evening for a month we met by the river and I lived in a state of bliss too great to be imagined.

One evening, the first week in October, Mr. Haughton told me that he had made all the plans for our elopement the next night. To avert suspicion, I was to tell my aunt I was going home. I was to leave her house at five o'clock and take the road to Pikeville, and walk on until he met me with a carriage. My aunt would suppose I was in Pikeville, and so no alarm would be raised until we were safely married.

Aunt Emma made no objection to my going home, and asked Mr. Wayne, a farmer friend of hers, to take me the first four miles in his wagon. I objected to this most earnestly, but my aunt said I must not think of walking nine miles, but five miles would be nothing to me, for I was stout and strong. So I made up a little bundle of clothes and the next evening I set off in Farmer Wayne's wagon. I inwardly prayed that we would not meet Charles until after the farmer set me down. And my prayers were granted, for we reached Mr. Wayne's house and I sprang out and started off on foot, having seen nothing of my lover. On and on and on I walked, and still no sign of Charles. Night began to come on and the road was very lonely. I was beginning to get nervous and frightened, when suddenly I saw a cow coming towards me on a gallop. Now, though I had lived in a country town and seen cows every day of my life, I had never outgrown my childish fear of them, and now as I saw this mad creature coming plunging towards me I gave a cry of terror and started for the fence bounding the road. Just as I reached it I stepped on a stone, which turned over and precipitated me into a small creek which ran close by. There at the bottom of it I lay until the cow passed by, and when I scrambled out I found I could not stand. I had sprained my ankle. I was covered with mud and wet through to the skin. O, how miserable I felt, and I did so long for the sound of wheels and for assistance in some shape. But none came. Every moment my wrath against Charles Haughton, who had been the means of getting me into this forlorn plight, rose higher. Why did he not come? Why had he broken his vow to me? Night was now over all, and still I lay wet and muddy, and in pain by the side of the creek. No friendly farmer came by, and I lay there all night long. Toward morning strong chills shook my frame, and then a burning fever came on. More dead than alive, I lay there when the sun rose high in the heavens. About seven o'clock I heard the sound of wheels. I raised my voice as it came nearer, and shouted for help. A man stopped his buggy, and jumping out came running towards me. I raised my eyes half expecting to see Charles, whom I now felt that I detested thoroughly. But no, my tired eyes fell on the friendly but astonished face of Joshua Pipkins.

"Esther! Is it possible?" I heard him exclaim. I gave a little gasp in reply, and fainted dead away.

When I recovered consciousness I found myself encircled by Joshua Pipkins' arms, and we driving rapidly along.

"Keep quite still, Esther," he said in his pleasant kind voice. "I am taking you to my house. It is nearer than any other, and Aunt Betty will soon have you all right."

I was put in the best chamber at Joshua's house, and given every luxury and attention, but it was many, many weary weeks before I was "all right." Cold and exposure to the night air had done sad work with me, and I lay in delirium in Joshua's house for a long time.

During my convalescence he was more than good to me. Nothing was too nice for me to have, and no attention too great to be shown me. I felt as if I had never known the depth of Joshua's great heart.

He never alluded to the manner in which he had found me, or asked me why I was lying by the roadside in such a miserable condition at seven o'clock in the morning. No one can imagine how much I thanked him in my heart for this tender consideration of my feelings, but I often wondered what he thought of me now. He had brought Sallie over from Pikeville and she was a great help in nursing me, for she was never weary of running up and down stairs.

It was in the early part of December and the snow lay on the ground that Sallie was sitting with me one morning, when she suddenly gave a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, Sallie?" I asked.

"I was just thinking, Esther, that you are nearly well. You said this morning you should go home next week, and I will have to leave this nice home, where I have such good things to eat. O, Esther, why won't you marry Joshua?"

"Joshua wouldn't have me now," I replied.

"I mean to ask him," she said, and before I could stop her she was up and out of the door.

A few moments passed, and then a knock came, and when I said "come in" Joshua entered. He took a seat close beside me.

"Esther," he said, "don't you think I would be willing to have you now?"

I blushed deeply, and made no reply.

"Esther," he went on in a low, tender voice, "I have loved you for seven years, and I shall always do so. Won't you be my wife now, dear? I will be so good to you."

"I don't deserve your love, Joshua," I faltered. If you knew all—if you knew the way in which I acted while in Milford—O Joshua, you—

"I do know all about it, or nearly all, Esther," he interrupted. "I heard enough from your delirious ravings to convince me that you had suffered from listening to the protestations of a rogue, and I learned later from your own lips enough more to tell me all I care to know. Esther, that night that Charles Haughton was to meet you on the Pikeville road, he was dead drunk at his uncle's, and was put to bed by six o'clock by the servants. I found this out by judicious inquiries. I was going to Milford that morning on business, so I started very early. Esther, I was thinking, as I drove along, that I would go to see you that day and ask you once more to be my wife. You may imagine how startled I was when, on hearing a call, I ran to the side of the creek and found you lying there, your clothes wet and muddy, and in an almost unconscious state. I picked you up and brought you here. Now, Esther, I want to ask you for the last time if you love me well enough to become my wife?"

I felt that I did, and I said so; but before engaging myself to him I insisted on telling him the whole story of my romantic folly with Charles Haughton. I knew now that I had never cared really for the handsome Adonis, but had been infatuated for a brief time with his good looks, and the idea that I was robbing the rich Miss Carusa of her intended lover.

"Where is he now?" I asked, as I finished my story, and Joshua kissed me, and said he didn't care any the less for me now that he had heard the whole story.

"He and Miss Carusa were married a month ago," answered Joshua. "She was dressed in white satin and adorned with orange blossoms, and all the country people for miles around Milford went to the wedding. Miss Carusa never knew of her lover's villainy."

I married Joshua in January, and Sallie is living with me now in the comfortable farm-house. I have never met Charles Haughton since my marriage, and so do not know whether he ever intended to marry me, or whether he meant to play a huge practical joke on me. I am not at all sorry, however, that things happened as they did, for if I had not sprained my ankle, and been picked up by Joshua, I should never have found out his good qualities and learned to love him as I now do.

I have grown quite reconciled to the name of Pipkins, though I do not consider it at all beautiful, by any means. As to Joshua, he seems to be quite contented with me, and is one of the very best of husbands.

I have heard that Mrs. Haughton is a very unhappy woman; that her handsome Charles gambles and drinks away her money; and I am sure, for all his good looks and fascinating manners, he is not to be named in the same day with my plain JOSHUA PIPKINS.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children at home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago!"
And I sing in my quivering treble
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years,
I know; yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of the evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the Summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are at home!"